GLIMPSES OF THE WET PAST

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GLIMPSES OF THE WET PAST

IN

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

BY

S. P. MEADS

Teacher and Principal in the Oakland School Department for more than forty years. Author of a Chemistry, a Physics and an Autobiography. Candidate for Governor of California on the Prohibition ticket in 1910.

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PREFACE

This little story professes to give only "glimpses" of the great personal, political and moral curse of the liquor traffic. The record is limited in the main to experiences in Northern California. Nearly every incident mentioned has come under the personal knowledge of the author and is really not part of a "novel" but is "history." I have used fictitious names. The mention of real names would in justice demand greater acknowledgment of personal worth and work. I have not given the notice I would like to give of the loyal dry papers of the state, which, while increasing in numbers, were few and far between in the early days. I dedicate these "glimpses" to the memory of those men and women who, fifty years ago and more, were laboring with me to wipe out the saloon curse, but who passed over to their reward before their vision became a realization to those of us left behind.

S. P. MEADS,
3457 Rhoda Street,
Oakland, California.

39273

CHAPTER I

The Traveler

The afternoon sun was throwing its slanting beams over the Ferry building at San Francisco and the rapidly lengthening shadow of the familiar clock-tower was creeping out over the bay. Within the slips, trembling under their confined steam, lay several ferryboats. Across the gangway apron of one of these, passed a man of exceptional energy. His robust and rapid steps denoted plenty of self-confidence. On this occasion however, he sought to avoid observation. He quietly took a seat in the rear on the lower deck and immediately hid himself behind the outspread pages of the San Francisco Exploiter. His fragrant Havana soon perfumed the corner in which he sat and overcame the stale smoke of the cheaper cigars which choked the atmosphere of the lower deck.

In a few minutes the boat pushed off from the slip and began her journey across the bay. She landed her load of passengers, connecting them promptly with the waiting train. Our particular passenger climbed hastily aboard the cars and took a seat in the rear of the rear coach. Soon he was looking out upon fertile fields and orchards near at hand, and upon the brown hills in the distance. The dark foliage of the oaks upon these hills and the numberless shades of green produced by these and by multitudes of plants less royal, were well calculated to rest the eye and soothe the tired nerves. Sleek cattle fed in the lowlands. Solitary passengers alighted at flag stations and were driven away in rattling farm

wagons. Our traveler however, paid little attention to the beauties of the landscape, to the cattle or to the passengers leaving or boarding the train. He manifestly knew where he was going and expected to arrange things to his liking. He was a typical worldly-wise man. Success was his object and as the world estimates, he had always attained it. No moral scruples ever stood in his way.

The sun sank low in the west. The last tunnel was past and darkness rapidly covered hill and valley. The long whistle and the ding-dong of the engine's bell announced the terminal station at the little mountain city of Soto in Lacino County. Our traveler congratulated himself that he had met no tell tale acquaintances on his journey. He quickly alighted from the rear steps and on the opposite side from the station. He thus avoided the crowd and especially the bibulous hackman, who would have hailed him by name with boisterous outcry had our traveler shown himself. Lighting another Havana and taking a quick look about, he plunged into a side street and disappeared in the darkness.

CHAPTER II

Legal Business

Judge Langley sat in his easy chair. Having finished reading his San Francisco Resounder which had arrived on the noonday train, he took up the Soto Herald. He was alone, for his wife and nephew had gone to the temperance meeting at Stewart Hall. This meeting was to open the "local option" campaign to rid the county, if possible, of its saloons. George Langley, the judge's

nephew, was to be one of the speakers. He was a candidate for County Superintendent of schools on the Republican ticket. The old judge had advised him to lie low and remain neutral on the saloon issue, but under the influence of Mrs. Langley, an active member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, George had decided to cast his lot with the dry forces. He determined to heap no abuse upon the saloon keeper, but to make a straightforward speech advising the voters to exclude the saloon from the county for the welfare of all the people.

Judge Langley had barely finished reading the proposed program of the temperance meeting, when the clock struck nine. As the ninth stroke died away there came sharp and decisive rings at the doorbell. Wondering who his untimely caller could be, the judge hastened to open the door.

"How are you, judge?" said his caller promptly, as he stepped without invitation into the hallway.

"What in the devil are you up in this county for?" exclaimed the judge, who was not particularly glad to see his visitor.

"Looking after our interests as usual," replied Colonel Stout, none other than our railroad traveler, and the business agent of the wholesale liquor dealers of Northern California.

"Come in and sit down. I am alone until ten o'clock, I presume," said the judge, reluctantly.

"I was sure you would be in. I was informed by wire this morning of the temperance meeting and felt that you would not attend it."

"Well, Colonel, what do you propose to do? There will undoubtedly be a majority in favor of a dry county."

"Fix the thing in the Board of Supervisors, Judge."

"But every one of the four candidates and the three holdover supervisors have agreed to abide by the vote."

"Leave that to me, Judge. Who cares what the vote is, if we have the supervisors?"

"Well, why do you come to me? What dirty work do you want me to do?" replied the judge, with an ironical smile, that irritated the colonel a little.

"We want a square deal for our business and we are going to fight the blue laws proposed by the long haired men and the short haired women. We believe it is unconstitutional to destroy property in vineyards, hopfields, breweries and distilleries. We propose to meet these attacks along any line that suits us."

"How much of the British brewery stock have you to lose, Colonel?" said the judge, still teasing his caller.

"Now see here, Judge, let's talk business. We know who intends to treat us fairly. We also know our enemies and, d—n 'em, we are going to lay on the political shelf every official that is active against us. We will accept neutrality when we must, but never active opposition to our business. Of course we care nothing except for those offices that have to do with our business. We will support George for the superintendency, though he is against us. He is young yet, and if he keeps in politics, he'll learn better. We will also support any judge who treats us fairly."

"Yes, it isn't for your interest to support that drunken Sullivan that is running against George."

"Well, Judge, suppose the county should vote dry, and the supervisors should pass an ordinance fixing a license

of $10,000 a year, would you hold that such an ordinance was unconstitutional?"

"Well, Colonel, I do not wish to state beforehand how I would rule upon such an ordinance of the supervisors, but without much stretching of the law such an ordinance, purporting to be one thing, a license, and attempting to accomplish another, prohibition, could be easily thrown out."

"Straight business now, will you do it?"

"There is no danger of their passing any such fool ordinance."

"Well, Judge, all we want you to do is to promise us you'll do it. We'll stand by you for the Supreme Court, if you'll do this easy thing."

The judge thought awhile of the "political shelf" and of the "easy" promotion. His whole life had been one successful effort in harmonizing in his support virtue and vice. At length he said knowingly to the colonel, "Well now, remember, I don't promise anything, but if such a fool ordinance passes, you folks needn't worry about the attitude of the superior court of this county."

"All right Judge. You don't promise anything. Ha! Ha! We don't propose to be driven out of this county. I'll say a good word for George tonight at the Circle meeting and Judge Langley need not fear to call on his friends."

With this he hastily arose, gave the judge his hand and, with that quick and characteristic step of his, passed through the hall, seized his hat, opened the front door, and striding rapidly along the gravelly walk, pulled open and slammed behind him the street gate.

Closing the door firmly, the judge turned back into his sitting room. As he resumed his easy chair, he exclaimed, "D——m his blasted soul! How I hate all his bull-dozing crowd! I wish there were some determined fighting men among temperance people. They are an unorganized lot. They wouldn't stand by a man except in the excitement of a single campaign. They would then divide up on any old issues and allow the liquor men to wreak their vengeance on the poor devil that had once offended them."

CHAPTER III

The Temperance Meeting

The temperance meeting at Stewart Hall was a very large one, though expectant politicians and officials were "conspicuous by their absence." There seemed to be no proper organization or forethought or skillful leadership in arranging for the meeting. The hall however, was well-filled. Rev. G. W. Advocate, pastor of the Methodist church, was chosen chairman and Joseph Pringle, a member of the Baptist church, was made secretary. Rev Thomas Hobson of the Presbyterian church offered prayer. Miss Ethel Dearborn sang a solo about the "Licensed Saloon," which was encored into "Where is my Wandering Boy tonight."

C. A. Claimant the local secretary of the Anti-Saloon League was the first speaker. He denounced saloon men and told of the great work of the League in closing hundreds of saloons. He was a young man and his speech giving no credit to other organizations gave some offense to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union workers who were the originators of this local movement.

The neglect of Claimant's speech was corrected by the tactful speech of George Langley. He gave a brief account of the various individual workers and organizations contributing to the increased public sentiment that made this campaign possible. Father Mathew, Neal Dow, the Good Templars, the Prohibition Party, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the Anti-Saloon League were all given, briefly and properly, credit. He firmly believed the voters of the county should vote out the saloon. All candidates for the Board of Supervisors, and the holdover members, had stated that they would abide by the vote. He believed they were honorable men and would carry out the people's wishes. His speech was very heartily applauded and even the saloon men's committee, secretly present, admitted to each other that he had treated them fairly, especially by his intimation that the community as well as the saloonkeepers were at fault for the existence of the traffic in alcoholic liquors.

Mrs. Susannah Price, an able lady, spoke for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Charles Oldman pledged the Good Templars to the cause. The Methodist Episcopal Church South contributed to the success of the meeting by furnishing several excellent musical selections by its choir.

It had been thought best not to call on any Prohibition Party men to speak, lest something extreme and harmful should be said. This was easily arranged on paper, but Jackson Strait, one of their old war horses, was bound to be heard. To the consternation of the informal management, he arose and asked permission to speak for a few minutes. This the presiding officer reluctantly granted.

"The Prohibition Party," he said, "polls only about 150 votes in this county all told, but these votes will go solidly as you all know for a dry county. We are for local, as well as for state and national Prohibition. You have been confounding somewhat tonight local option, the politician's straddle term, and local Prohibition, the thing you are after. Now without wishing to alarm any of the conservative foes of the saloon, I wish to make this motion. I move that the chairman of this meeting appoint a committee of three whose business it shall be to interview every candidate and have those who will do so, pledge in writing to carry out to the letter the expressed will of the people of this county as shown on election day, in the matter of closing every place where liquors are sold for beverage purposes. I have no doubt that the people of this county will vote dry and we want no high license subterfuge put upon us."

The motion was promptly seconded by Steve Jenkins. Mr. Claimant was on his feet at once opposing the motion. "We should concentrate upon the vote," he said. "All we want is the vote and we will see that the saloons close. We embarrass our work, if we get tangled up with candidates. Every community has the right to say whether it shall have saloons or not.* We propose to tell our officials that we do not want them. The hold-over officials and candidates have publicly said they will abide by the vote."

These sentiments found favor with the majority and the motion was promptly voted down.

Several propositions were suggested, but finally the chairman was authorized to appoint a committee of three

* A false proposition kept in the foreground in early local option movements.

who should have full charge of the campaign and secure as large a majority as possible against the saloon. After a hasty consultation, the chair appointed C. A. Claimant, Joseph Pringle and Rev. Thomas Sprague, the new pastor of the Congregational church as this committee. The audience then sang America and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. E. B. Hunter, pastor of the Christian church.

As they were passing out of the hall, Strait said to Claimant, "We don't want any high license or South Carolina dispensary forced upon us. You are throwing chaff against the wind to vote out the saloons and vote in saloon officials." "Oh!" said Claimant with a smile, "You Prohibition party men never do anything practical."

"You are a young man and will live to change your mind," replied Strait. The vote is only advisory and you are advising the devil to be pious. I would not trust an old party-politician on the saloon question unless he put up bonds. Your league must change its policy and take account of the men nominated to office as well as of the measures proposed."

CHAPTER IV

The Royal Circle

The liquor dealers organization, called the Royal Circle, met on the same evening as the temperance people, but in Schmidt Hall on Main street. The dealers of the county were well represented as it was, they knew, an important meeting. Also word had gone out that Colonel Stout of San Francisco was to be present. The meeting was called to order at 9:15 p. m. The ritual and regular

order of business was hurried through and a recess taken. They waited for the Colonel and for the committee of three that had been appointed to visit the temperance meeting. Meanwhile the air thickened with tobacco smoke, and coarse jokes mingled with more or less profanity came from the various groups sitting and standing about the hall.

Jake McCarthy who kept the lowest saloon in town was the center of a group.

"Do you see that new fellow, Tom Richards, over there. He bought out Gallagher. Well he's trying to keep a tony place and, as he says, a law-abiding place. Bill Davis who is fifteen years old, told me the other day that Richards asked him how old he was. Then Richards actually refused to sell him a glass of beer. Of course the boy came over to my saloon and got his beer. I don't care much for these stuck-up, law-abiding chaps. They look down on us ordinary saloon keepers. In fact I believe Richards will close up his saloon, if the people of this county vote dry."

"Then there's Sam Randall over yonder. When he was a boy he attended a Presbyterian Sunday school. Thinking to make lots of money, he finally drifted into the saloon business down at the corners. A drunken bum by the name of Murphy was clubbed to death down there last fall in his saloon. The jury picked up by our coroner, returned a verdict of death by heart failure. Since then Randall has been talking of getting out of the business. Come over and see me scare him into fits.

With this he drifted over towards the group surrounding Randall.

"Hello! Randall, you here?" said Jake.

"Hello! McCarthy, why shouldn't I be here?"

"Why of course you should be here. We must protect our business. We saloon men must make hay while the sun shines. Bye and bye we'll be calling for water to cool our tongues, you know."

Randall winced, and attempted to turn aside to less blasphemous companionship. McCarthy followed him up and continued. "Have you ever seen Murphy's ghost 'bout closing time down round your shop?"

"'Twas one of your own drunken bums that came down from your dive to my place and killed Murphy," replied Randall indignantly.

This edifying conversation was interrupted by loud cheering as Colonel Stout and the committee walked into the room. The Circle was hastily called to order by the presiding officer while he seated the Colonel at his right hand.

The committee attending the temperance meeting was first asked to report. The chairman gave a good account of the meeting. The saloonkeepers were astonished that a candidate should dare to take part against them in a public meeting. Some of them, addressing their neighbors privately while the committee was reporting, vowed vengeance upon him. "As to the committee chosen to conduct the dry campaign," the chairman said, "it is entirely without political experience. Not one of them knows a single member of the Republican or Democratic county committee or has any personal influence among voters generally. Pringle is the only one who will do any real work. Claimant will make some good speeches to men that are going to vote against us any way but about all he can do is to raise his own salary. Sprague has too

many wine drinkers in his own congregation to be very fierce against us. Of course he must be theoretically against saloons. That is expected of ministers, but anti-saloon talk does not hurt us."

Colonel Stout was then introduced amid prolonged cheers. "Gentlemen of the Royal Circle," he said, "don't be needlessly alarmed. (Cheers and laughter.) Leave the management of your cause to those of us who have had experience in these matters. There isn't much doubt but that the vote will be against us, though of course we wish to keep the majority down as low as possible. It's impossible to colonize sufficiently to carry the county, so we'll waste little money for the benefit of your hotels and lodging houses. You will be advised for whom to vote in due time. We must put our friends into office. We must have a majority of the supervisors, the district attorney and the present coroner. Remember the fine service your coroner, Gallagher, did us in the Murphy case. Don't waste any time or money fighting Langley. He'll come round all right as soon as he is fairly into politics. We can use the judge better, if you don't fight his nephew. Stick to the men who have power over your business. Some of you sleek Democrats should tell the judge you are going to vote for his nephew. Vote for Sullivan afterward, if you want to. This will help to keep the old parties properly balanced. This is as important for us as the balance of power is for Europe. I expect to stop over till the early train day after tomorrow. I want you to make an assessment of $25 per member and appoint a committee of three, of which your chairman shall be one, to consult with me as to the county ticket and to act under

the direction of our state board. I am a man of few words and I hope my suggestions will be acted upon."

Colonel Stout took his seat amid tremendous applause and "He's a jolly good Fellow" was sung in what might be called a base soprano. The assessment was promptly voted and the committee appointed. The chair announced that Colonel Stout wished to meet the committee for a few minutes immediately after adjournment. He then declared the meeting adjourned for one week when the committee would be ready to report.

After much hand shaking, Colonel Stout informed the committee that he wished to meet them at the Tremont Hotel, Room 36, at 9 o'clock sharp the next morning. He then jumped into the presiding officer's carriage and was driven to his hotel.

CHAPTER V

Colonel Stout's Committee

Promptly at 9 o'clock the next morning three men walked into Room 36 at the Tremont Hotel and found the colonel, with a box of the best cigars, his favorite Havanas, opened upon the table. He was ready to receive them. The room was a small parlor admirably adapted for a secret meeting. The committee was composed of Karl Schmidt, proprietor of the Tremont, who was Archon of the local Royal Circle and had presided at the meeting of the circle the night before, Ben Thayer, a wealthy distiller, and Louis Fontaine, the keeper of a restaurant which served lots of California wines to the young men and women who patronized his place. Convenient closed compartments and accessible rooms above

were attached to his establishment. Schmidt had for years been on the Republican county committee and was fully acquainted with all the politicians of the county. Thayer had been twice elected supervisor on the Democratic ticket and had an equally large acquaintance among the Democratic political workers.

Fontaine controlled a large foreign vote and had some considerable influence among the Catholic element in the little town because of his liberal contributions to their church and school. Schmidt had a great following among Protestant church members politically ambitious. Thayer was very wealthy, owning immense interests in various breweries of the state, and with his easy money was very liberal. The committee was one after the colonel's own heart and he greeted each with an affectionate whack upon the shoulder and a hearty handshake. They were soon down to business. Colonel Stout repeated his conviction that the dry voters would carry the county. One of the three holdover supervisors had promised him that he would introduce a $10,000 license ordinance, if Prohibition carried. Two of the candidates, Grant and Colville, had agreed to support such an ordinance. This would be declared unconstitutional by the county judge and appealed by the temperance people. "If we can elect Grant and Colville and the district attorney we will be all right. The appeal will drag on and the saloons will run as usual till the next election. Regan is our man for attorney. Of course we must keep the dry majority down as low as possible, but our chief work must be put in to elect Regan, Grant and Colville. Now gentlemen what shall we do?"

Grant was a Democrat and his district included the town of Soto, Regan was a Republican ambitious to be county judge by way of the attorneyship and Colville was a Democrat.

"Why that is simple enough," said Schmidt. "We must get the Republican county committee of which I am a member to sell out Brown and Stetson (Republican candidates respectively against Grant and Colville) for Regan."

"Will you attend to that?"

"You may trust me for it, but I'll need a little money and a few of your colonists," replied Schmidt.

"I'm a pretty lazy fellow and would rather give a little money than too much time. How much do you want of me?"

"We'll want about five hundred dollars from you, I reckon."

Thayer coolly wrote his check for the amount saying as he passed it over to Schmidt, "There goes ten days income on all my brewery stocks."

"And saves three hundred and sixty-five days income from this county the first year," replied Schmidt.

"Well, Fontaine, what do you propose to do for us?" said the Colonel.

"The priest wishes to renovate his church and parish house, I'll get Grant, Colville and Regan to make a donation towards this. I will add a snug sum myself. This will secure the priest's support without his knowing it. I'll talk these candidates up to him. He knows nothing about politics anyway, any more than your Protestant ministers do. He won't know he's bought.

"Now I guess it's up to me to see the editor of the Soto Herald," said Stout. "We'll have to come down with some state funds in advertising. You've got a new editor, Goddard, I think his name is. How is he, accessible?"

"He's such a d——n fool he won't advertise saloons, though he's poor as Job's turkey. He has antagonized the trade somewhat already."

"That's pretty bad," said the Colonel. "Leave him to me. I'll fix matters. He'll take a hotel ad won't he, Schmidt? How about the restaurant business, Fontaine? Then we have a cooper here who would like some advertising, paid for in part from our state treasury, I take it. Leave the editor to me. Leave him to me."

"I'll give him some timber advertising. I've a claim in Humboldt county I wish to sell," said Thayer. "I can have him mail copies marked to people I want to reach. It will pay me better than circulars."

"The Episcopal minister believes in high license and strict regulation. Get an article from him into the paper. Colville is one of his members and it will help out your $10,000 license scheme," added Fontaine.

After some further discussion as to the best method of securing the co-operation of both old party politicians openly or secretly, Colonel Stout spoke of the candidate for coroner, "You want to elect the old coroner who served us so well in the Murphy case."

"Yes," said Thayer, "a verdict of heart failure would never have been secured, if we had had a dry coroner. Some rascally coroner might do us a heap of harm by calling public attention to the occasional murder of bums in our saloons."

Colonel Stout rose saying, "Meet me here this evening at 10 o'clock. I'll see the editor of the Herald at once."

The trio then separated very confidently.

CHAPTER VI

The Temptation of the Press

Henry Goddard had bought out the Soto Herald and had been running the office for about three months. He had paid cash above assuming an old mortgage of $600. He decided to cut out saloon advertisements but had kept a few wholesale liquor men in his columns. The church people had liked the new management and were disposed to help the young man in his enterprise. They were, however, unorganized and had little profitable advertising to give beyond what they carried with the former management. Pringle, who ran a boot-and- shoe store, had given him double the space he formerly carried and Strait, the Prohibitionist, extended three fold the space he had taken before for his carpenter shop. The dry men had also secured for him quite a list of new subscribers.

Goddard, as he unlocked his office the next morning after the temperance meeting was feeling uncertain over the financial outlook for his newspaper venture. For a while he set type in silence, giving a brief and creditable report of the antisaloon meeting. Two typesetters were busy with him in the office. The financial problem so pressed upon the editor that he passed into the rear office to do some figuring. He little knew that he was to be led up into the moral wilderness to be tempted of the devil, but so it was.

He had just figured far enough to determine with certainty that the paper was running behind by a slight margin each month. This would not do. He had a wife and two children to support. The boy, Eddie, was eight years old and the girl, Lucy, was six. He had thus "given hostages to fortune."

Suddenly he looked up and to his surprise saw Karl Schmidt coming in with a stranger. He wondered what had brought the proprietor of the Tremont out so early in the morning.

"Mr. Goddard, let me introduce to you my friend, Col. Stout. He is an advertising manager of several big concerns and wishes to talk business with you."

Mr. Schmidt spoke enthusiastically. "Good morning, Colonel," said Goddard, shaking hands with Stout who extended one of the gladdest hands of the glad hand type, complimenting him on the neatness of his office.

"And now," said Schmidt," I have guests to attend to and you gentlement will please excuse me."

"Certainly," responded Goddard.

"Certainly," added Stout in a voice that did not betray that the whole introduction had been prepared beforehand as a beginning towards selfish ends. Schmidt bowed himself out and Goddard much elated gave the Colonel a seat beside himself in the inner office.

"I wish to know your rates for each of your four pages," said the Colonel, as soon as he was seated. "I am an advertising man. People don't spend half as much as they ought on advertising. At the breakfast table I was looking at the two inch ad of the Tremont and I laughed at the proprietor."

"'Why,' said I, 'you ought to have that ad on each one of the four pages of the Herald instead of on one page.' I talked to him so squarely that he said, 'All right, I'll try it for six months. You may tell Goddard so'."

"You just put that Tremont ad on each one of your four pages and charge that chump your regular rates. That's the first item of business."

"Thank you, very much."

"I think your rates are very moderate. I understand this is a new enterprise with you."

"I have been in charge about three months."

"You must keep in touch with the advertising men. That's what makes a paper prosper. You can't live off subscribers."

"That's so, I have proved it here."

"What reduction will you make for three month's advanced payment?"

"Ten per cent."

"Well, let's get down to business. I have some timber land in Humboldt County. I will take double column twelve inches. Jones, the cooper, will take single column, four inches. Fontaine, the restaurant man will take double column, six inches." Assuming a very moral tone, the Colonel continued, "Of course, I would not advise you to advertise saloons in a town family paper, but wholesale business is different."

"I should hardly care to advertise saloons but I might take further wholesale advertisements," said Goddard.

In about an hour and a half the Colonel emerged from the printing office, all smiles. He had drawn a check for $150 in favor of Goddard, paying for part of the ads three months in advance. A wholesale wine merchant of

San Francisco, a Sacramento brewer, and several French restaurants of San Francisco, with brothel attachments, being among the list. He had also arranged to have "a correspondent," (none other than himself) set forth his high license plan in several signed articles, for which the editor was to receive five cents per line. The editor, by agreement, was to preserve in the editorial columns, a neutral attitude on the high license scheme to be properly presented as a better plan than Prohibition for the country.

Goddard had been led up into the wilderness to be tempted but no three-fold temptation was needed. He had succumbed to the first. The stones had been made bread for him. The Soto Herald would be run with financial profit during the next six months.

CHAPTER VII

The "Children of Light" in Politics

The temperance committee, C. H. Claimant, Joseph Pringle and Rev. Thomas Sprague met at Pringle's shoe store on Friday evening. The curtains were drawn and the three sat in the rear office. Claimant, by general consent, acted as chairman and called the meeting to order. Rev Mr. Sprague offered prayer, after which Mr. Pringle was appointed secretary. It was decided to hold meetings in all the churches on the first Sunday of the following month. Each pastor was to be urged to preach a sermon on the advantage of a saloonless county. A collection was also to be taken at each of these meetings for the expenses of the campaign. Mr. Claimant was to speak at as many meetings as possible and was to

present the financial needs at each meeting. At his suggestion the right of the people of a community to say whether it should have saloons or not was to be emphasized.

"Local self-government," he said, "is a strong card to present to the voters. We should present only the one issue, not taking any part for or against any party candidate."

The work of mailing circulars to the voters of the county was assigned to Mr. Pringle, who volunteered to do the work without pay, literature and postage being furnished him. He was also to arrange for meetings in various parts of the county. Mr. Sprague excused himself from doing any detailed work as he had been less than a year in the county and was not acquainted with the people outside his own parish.

Pringle reported great difficulty in getting business men to serve as vice-presidents of the big meeting to be held the week before election in Soto. "Business men are a parcel of moral cowards," he said, indignantly. He softened his charge however, by stating that the time would come when they would get their eyes opened to the damage done business by the saloon.

After deciding on many places over the county, mostly in churches, where they hoped to hold meetings, they referred the correspondence for arrangement and dates to Mr. Pringle. The committee then adjourned to meet in one week at the same place.

CHAPTER VIII

Temperance and Prohibition

The veranda of Pringle's store was a favorite rendezvous for the people, as it was well shaded by large oaks and was opposite the court house square. Public questions had for years been discussed there by the solons of the town. The question of a dry county was too vital not to be brought to the front.

Among those taking part in the discussion on Saturday noon was Charles Rowland, a very excellent and prominent man, a trustee of the Congregational church. He drank, in moderation, his California wine, both at his meals and occasionally at other times. Because the little depot, a few blocks away, was ablaze with the heat of a noonday sun, he had waited with others on the cool portico of the shoe store. He was to meet his wife and daughter Grace, who were to arrive on the in-coming train. They had been on a brief visit, during the vacation following Grace's second year at Mills College, at his married daughters' homes, Mrs. Dole's, in Berkeley and Mrs. Dean's, in San Francisco.

Jackson Strait came along and after greeting the company, took a seat with them in the shade of the oak which sheltered the group of disputants from the noonday sun. Strait was a Methodist and believed the traffic "could not be licensed wthout sin." He believed in prohibition laws, in prohibition men and in a prohibition party. He was willing to discuss the question in season and out of season, especially out of season. His very name was an appropriate one. He was Jacksonian enough

—fearless, straightforward, honest, tactless and dead sure he was right on the main issue. He at once broached the subject of the coming election.

"I am with you on closing the saloons," said Rowland, "but wine used properly is all right."

"If I were going to prohibit the sale of any alcoholic liquor," said Strait, "and could prohibit but one, it would be the sweet wine of California with its 15 to 25 per cent of alcohol. This is the kind of liquor that boys and girls like, and is used by the liquor men of the cafes and restaurants more than any other to start boys and girls in the path of drunkenness and impurity. Fermented wine, or rotten grape juice, is not a temperance drink, but a creature of the devil, the most seductive of all liquors for those that are tempted to begin drinking habits. Eighty-five per cent of all our drunkenness is caused by wine and beer."

Strait would have gone on with this denunciation of wine, had he not been interrupted by the long whistle of the coming train some mile and a half distant down the valley. The men rose hastily and proceeded to the depot, Mr. Rowland with his innate courtesy inviting Strait to ride with him in his family rig, which stood in the shade close at hand.

"You take a narrow view of the subject, Strait, said Rowland as the willing horse trotted rapidly down to the depot.

"There's a broad view, Mr. Rowland, but it leads many down to death," replied the Prohibitionist as they reached the depot.

Now, Mr. Rowland was one of the foremost in all the religious and moral enterprises of the town. He was not

a prayer meeting man, but he was liberal, courteous, kind hearted, and his cheerful optimism had kept many an enterprise for the moral uplift of the county seat from discouraging failure. Through his initiative, a public library had been erected by Mr. Carnegie. No church in town had been built without his contribution. In fact, it was generally understood that he expected to help every enterprise of worth started in the community. He was the wealthiest citizen of the little city.

Mr. Rowland had been sent by the United States government, after his graduation from the University some forty years before, to a technical congress in Paris. He afterward served as consul at an important post in France. Here he began the use of wine and had kept up the moderate use ever since. His mother had been very strict with him and had taught him to practice abstinence from intoxicating liquor. This teaching he followed, till his residence abroad overcame his mother's teaching. On his return from France, he married a Massachusetts girl, a graduate of Wellesley. Five years before the opening of our story, he had retired from active business and betaken himself to his beautiful summer residence in the suburbs of Soto.

More than once he had appeared before the supervisors of the county as spokesman of a committee to secure a higher license and better regulation of the saloons of the county. After the Murphy murder his committee had secured a raise of the license from $25 to $50 a quarter and had pushed through an ordinance for 11 p. m. closing which the better class of saloon men observed. He esteemed himself a far more practical temperance man than Strait, inasmuch as he had accomp-

lished something in securing better regulation, while Strait seemed only to antagonize people without getting anywhere. The Prohibition ticket which was placed on the ballot at each election was looked upon by most people as a joke though some 150 men of the county supported it.

CHAPTER IX

Mother and Daughter

The crowd at the depot came out into the hot sunshine to welcome the train. Mrs. Rowland and her daughter, Grace, alighted and after a glad greeting, were escorted by Mr. Rowland to his carriage. They drove rapidly by the court house, the theatre, the public library building and along the shaded street at the end of which stood the Rowland mansion.

Mary O'Reilly, the faithful Irish servant girl, had dinner all ready to serve and gave exclamations and gestures of joy, almost as extravagant as the dog Rover, at seeing her mistress and Grace driven up to the doorway. She deposited their grips in the hall and made haste to set out the meal upon the dining table. She had been with the family from the time when the first of the three daughters was born, but her strong Irish frame and vigorous constitution were still with her. In sickness and health the family had appreciated her services. She attended regularly Father Conan's little Catholic church, was contented and cheerful in mind and spirit and appreciated in turn the kindness of the family she served.

"So the folks are all well," said Mr. Rowland when they were seated at the table.

"Quite well," replied Mrs. Rowland.

"And happy too, I hope."

"Yes, indeed," said the wife cheerily.

But Grace's face wore a look of distress which she could not quite conceal from her parents. She knew what her mother, good easy soul, did not know, that only one of her sisters was happy in her family life. The daughter in San Francisco had troubles that her parents knew not of.

"Why, Grace, a penny for your thoughts," said her father. "You are glad to get home, are you not?"

"Certainly I am, father. Very glad, indeed. I like the old place, the view down the shaded street, old dog Rover, and my maltese cat, to say nothing of you and mother and Mary."

Mr. Rowland laughed heartily and Mrs. Rowland said to him, "You must remember, papa, that Grace always was a sober minded child. She never would laugh as heartily as the other girls did."

"I'm glad she isn't frivolous. I don't like a giggling young lady," was his reply.

Grace was a favorite with her father. She was only seventeen years of age, much younger than her two married sisters and much more religiously inclined than they. She was very active in the young peoples' work of her church and served as president of the Christian Endeavor society during the last year of her high school course. The church people were always glad to have her home from college during vacations. She had only two years more before graduation as she was to enter the Junior class on her return to Mills college in August. She visited her sisters often as their homes, one in Berkeley and one in San Francisco, were so accessible from Mills. She

took an active part in the social and religious life of the college. She was as popular there as she was in her home town of Soto.

CHAPTER X

The Proposed Test

Pringle's son George was home on his vacation from the University of California and was helping his father temporarily in the store. He had but one year more before graduation and was considering seriously the choice of his life's work. His father and mother were members of the Baptist church, which church the young man had jointed in his early youth. He was active in the young people's society of the church, having served as its president several terms. He was always on some of its most important committees. He was soon to leave on a surveying trip to secure funds in addition to what his father could afford to furnish him for his senior year.

Mr. Rowland called to consult with Mr. Pringle about the campaign for a saloonless county and to leave a contribution for the committee. Leaving his son to attend to the store, Mr. Pringle led the way to his private office in the rear. "Thank you very much," said he, as Mr. Rowland passed him a check for $50 as soon as they were seated in the office.

"If you need more do not fear to call upon me. You know I do not agree with you as to the use of wine in moderation at meals and occasionally at private and public functions. I hate, however, the saloon business and will do all I can to close every saloon in the county. No liquor should ever be sold to be drunk on the premises unless with meals."

"This is a thing that can't be settled by any half-way measures," replied Pringle. "The liquor traffic is intrenched in politics and I fear that men like yourself, admirable in every respect except in this respect, are to be one of the chief hindrances to our progress. The poor deluded workman will not give up his beer in the accessible saloon unless the refined and moral men who drink moderately, are willing for the public good to give up their wine."

"Why every man must chose for himself what he will eat and drink at his own table."

"Perhaps so, but as no man liveth to himself, so no man eateth or drinketh to himself. We are our brother's keeper in many ways and a religious man of such high character as yourself, ought to make some sacrifice of what may be called his technical rights for the good of others. A great many men cannot drink moderately. They think they can follow your example in this respect, but they can't do it."

"Well, there is something in your argument and I think it may be best to avoid drinking on public occasions for this reason."

"Again we ought to consider at least somewhat the wishes of our friends. I have wished sincerely, knowing your high standing in this community, that you did not use intoxicating liquors at all."

"Indeed, I did not think you gave any attention to my habit of using wine."

"Yes and I am not the only one of your friends to regret it, I fear. Your daughter Grace called to buy a pair of woolen slippers for old lady West. She gave me $5 for this campaign out of her allowance and said she

wished there was no liquor of any sort to be had in the world. I feel confident that you could not make Grace happier than by not using any wine at all."

At this suggestion Mr. Rowland became thoughtful but at length replied, "I do not think Grace pays any attention to the wine I drink. I use very little and this mostly with my meals. She has never seemed to object to my use of wine."

"Grace is one of the truest christians in this city, recognized as such by all our church people. Will you allow me to propose a test as to whether she cares about this matter?"

"All right. What is your test?"

"Here it is. You call Grace into your study. Tell her you wish to ask her an important question and you wish her to answer you with absolute honesty. Make the introduction of the matter as serious as possible. Then ask her point blank, which she would prefer, to have you stop using wine entirely or to have you go on using it in moderation as you are now doing. Insist upon an answer. I believe she would be the happiest girl in town, if you would become a total abstainer."

"I will consider your proposition. I may or may not try it," replied Mr. Rowland, rising. "Meanwhile, we will do our best to close the saloons of the county. Success to your committee." He then gave his hand to Mr. Pringle and departed.

No other man in the city of Soto could have spoken so plainly to Mr. Rowland. As he passed out through the front door of the store, he respected Mr. Pringle all the more because of his kindly reproof.

CHAPTER XI

Vacation Closes

The vacation passed rapidly and its last week was at hand. George had returned from his engineering trip to spend a couple of Sundays at home before returning to the University at Berkeley.

A union meeting of all the Young People's societies had been arranged for Sunday evening in place of the regular and separate services in the various churches. Each society had appointed one speaker for this service which was to be led by George Pringle. The Baptist church, chosen because its auditorium was the largest in town, was packed to the doors with many standing. Grace Rowland of the Congregational church took charge of the singing. As the young people's service was to be the only service of the evening, the members of the choirs of the various churches were scattered throughout the audience and helped out the volume of the music.

The subject was "Am I my brother's keeper?" The meeting was a great success. Each society had sent its best and most spiritual speaker and after these had spoken briefly a sentence testimony meeting followed.

The responsibility of example had been emphasized throughout the meeting and George had made this point in his brief opening address, quoting the text "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit shall be hewn down and cast into the fire." "As rapidly as we find out that the fruit of any indulgence is evil, we should refrain from such indulgence. When christian people found out that the fruit of slavery was evil, they were no longer willing

to hold slaves. We have now found out, what our fathers did not know, that the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage produces evil fruit. Our fathers thought that only the *abuse* produced evil. It was not wrong for our fathers to use beer and wine, but now, I think, every christian should refrain from the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage. Any one who gives serious and prayerful attention to the matter must come to this conclusion. Modern scientific experiments have established the proposition that the only temperate use of intoxicating liquors is a medicinal use, as carefully considered as the use of strychnine or any other poison medicine." The audience's approval was manifested in prolonged cheering much to the surprise of the speaker and of the older people.

As the congregation rose for the closing hymn "God be with you till we meet again," tears stood in the eyes of many aged disciples who knew not whether ever again on this side the river of death they should hear those young voices assembled in praise.

After the service many greeted Grace and George who both were to return on Tuesday to college. They had arranged to go back together on the morning train, Grace going to her sister's in Berkeley and George to his Fraternity House at the University. One of the active church workers, teacher of the large Philathea class in the Baptist Bible School, embarrassed Grace somewhat by saying privately as she clasped her hand in both of hers, "So you are going back with George. We all hope you may make Life's Journey together."

CHAPTER 12

The Real Test

The Rowland home was busy on Monday afternoon packing and making ready for the morning train. Mary had arranged everything under Grace's direction. At sunset Mr. Rowland had strapped and roped safely the little trunk that had always accompanied Grace to and from Mills. The test proposed by Mr. Pringle was constantly in his mind and his conscience urged him to make it. The more he thought of it, the more he feared that it would turn out as Pringle said it would. Summoning up his courage he asked Grace to come into the library for a moment as he wished to speak to her privately.

Surprised at the request, but supposing that he wished to give her some fatherly advice, she came in promptly and seated herself beside her father's desk.

"I have a serious question to ask you," said Mr. Rowland as soon as they were seated and alone in the library.

Grace blushed, supposing he might be going to question her as to her interest in some young man of her acquaintance and replying cheerfully she said, "I hope it's not over serious."

"But it is very serious. Will you answer me with perfect honesty? I shall be very much obliged to you, if you will."

"I certainly will answer honestly, why should you suspect that I would do otherwise? I cannot imagine however what your question can be. I am not engaged, haven't decided to be a missionary to the Chinese, haven't

got the stage fever and am altogether devoted to my college and religious work. What can your question be?"

"Tell me honestly. Would you prefer that I continue to drink wine or that I quit drinking it and quit serving it to my guests?"

Grace paused for a moment at the utterly unexpected question, drew her handkerchief from her pocket and covered her eyes with its folds. It was some time before she could control herself sufficiently to answer her father. At last lifting her tear-stained face and looking steadily at her father she said, "I should be the happiest daughter in the world, if never again should any wine or beer be brought into our home. I love you so much and admire you so sincerely that it is very hard for me to say this. You could do nothing to make me happier than to quit the use of wine however moderately and stop serving it to any of our guests."

"You shall have your wish," said Mr. Rowland rising. Taking his daughter by the hand and throwing his arm about her waist, he imprinted a fervent kiss upon her forehead, while Grace wept convulsively.

As he passed out of the room she heard him say, "Pringle was right. I should have known it."

CHAPTER 13

The Return to College

The Tuesday morning train backed up into the station and found Mr. and Mrs. Rowland and Grace already there. George Pringle was also on hand and greeted them all cheerfully.

"Take good care of Grace, George, till she reaches her sister's. We trust her to you," said Mrs. Rowland.

"That I will. She's too important a package for me to be careless with."

"She has been crying this morning. She never did this before on returning to college. I do not understand why she should do so now."

Mrs. Rowland kissed her daughter. Her father kissed her very fervently and Grace could not keep back a flood of tears which ran down her cheeks. This further puzzled her mother. It however seemed the most natural thing in the world to George.

"Take good care of yourself and hold fast to your ideals," said Mr. Pringle as he bade goodbye to his son.

The conductor shouted "All aboard!" The passengers outside hastily obeyed and the train sped rapidly down the valley. George was somewhat embarrassed as he gave Grace a seat on the shady side of the train and took a seat beside her. She was still brushing away an occasional tear.

"I'm a great baby," said Grace as she looked up at him with a smile made more beautiful because her eyes were still wet with tears. "I am ashamed of myself."

"Oh! You're just a girl," replied George with a hearty laugh. "Make no apology for being a girl."

"I don't know whether I ought to take that remark as a compliment or not," said Grace, echoing his laughter.

"Perhaps not, but I am glad you are a girl. People often overdo the compliment business and get too much hypocrisy into it."

"Yes, we all desire appreciation, but nothing disgusts me more than compliments that I know are insincere."

"I think insincerity is one of the most common of sins. Our religious teachers have told us to take care of our

characters and our reputations will take care of themselves."

It seemed to the young people a very short run before they found themselves in the cool air of the San Francisco Bay region. Grace was taken safely to her sister's on Milvia street. On the way from the street car George secured a promise from her that she would write him about the opening days at Mills to which he would reply as to University happenings.

George found his room at the fraternity house ready for his occupancy and he prepared to begin his work at once. He was much pleased on the following Saturday to receive a neat little envelope delivered by the mail-carrier. The letter thanked him for his "care" on the trip down and told him of the safe arrival of the trunk brought by the expressman he had secured. It also gave dainty bits of news from the Mills campus. The letter closed with

"Just a Girl,
GRACE."

CHAPTER 14

A FAMILY LETTER

Soto, Calif., Sept. 25th, 18—.

My Dear Grace:

You will be astonished when I tell you that your father has sent all his wine to the hospital and tells me he is not going to drink any more nor serve any more wine to his guests. He has used wine ever since we have been married. I do not understand why he has changed his mind so emphatically. He always defended the moderate

use of wine. He certainly has never overindulged in drinking it.

I received a letter from your sister Emma today. She says she knows not what they are to do, as her husband has lost his position. Charles Dean was a fine workman and very popular with all his fellows. The loss of his fine position with Holt, Harvey and Company is a mystery to me. I wish you would go over to San Francisco and see Emma on Saturday. Write me how she and the children are and how Charley came to lose his position. Also find out what he is to do now and whether there is any chance for him to be restored.

The church people here are getting very much stirred up over the coming wet and dry election. They expect to vote out the saloons from the county and have them all closed up after the November election. Your father is taking much more interest in the campaign than he did a short time ago. He now says nothing against Prohibition as he used to do. He goes over to Pringle's very often and advises and consults with the committee in regard to the campaign. He even sent an article to the Herald urging people to vote out the saloons from the county. His article also advised all young men to be total abstainers from wine and beer. This sentiment is so different from his former views that I am more and more astonished at the stand he has taken.

Yours,
MAMA.

CHAPTER 15

The Reply

Dear Mother:

It is Sunday afternoon and I have just returned from San Francisco. I went over yesterday afternoon and stayed till three o'clock today. Emma has tried for a long time to keep from you and Papa the fact that Charley has been drinking too much wine for the past year or two. Before I came home at the end of last term, sister told about her trouble and asked me to keep it strictly to myself. You remember how Papa chided me, and asked me if I was not glad I had got home. I could not help feeling sad as you said the girls were both happy. I knew Emma was not.

She broke down and cried as she told me of Charley's drinking. She said she feared he would lose his position as his employers had warned him that they could not keep him, if he kept on with his drinking of wine. She could not keep him from going to saloons and coming home in such a state as to impair his usefulness the next day. He drank no whiskey, but drank the stronger wines.

Well about the middle of September, Holt Harvey and Co. sent him up to Sacramento to superintend the erection of a new plant for Dexter, Welch and Co. It was exactly in his line and he was chosen as the best man to have charge of the matter. He took six trusty workmen along with him. Harvey, the senior member of his firm, took him into his private office and urged him to touch no liquor while he was gone and to keep out of the city's saloons and liquor restaurants. These however are more

numerous in Sacramento than gods were in ancient Athens. Charley promised faithfully and he started well and for a time kept his promise. The work was a rush job and the plant was nearly finished. Only three more days and the place could be occupied.

Unfortunately as Charley was coming back from the morning church service to his hotel, he met Dave Pedrini, a San Francisco musician, an old friend of his who had sung with him in a San Francisco quartette. Pedrini asked him to go into Joe Pinkerton's saloon and take a glass of wine with him. His better judgment caused him at first to refuse, but as his supposed friend urged him to go, he went. After Pedrini was gone, he returned to the saloon and that was the end of his self-control.

Monday morning he did not show up on the work. At noon the firm telegraphed to Holt, Harvey and Co. and they sent up another man. Monday night Charley was found drunk in his bedroom at his hotel with two empty bottles, labeled "Angelica wine," in the bed with him. Satan must have given this name to the stuff in honor of one of his prominent fallen angels. They brought Charley home and his firm laid him off at once.

When he came to himself and saw his wife and two little children, Helen and Johnnie, he wept like a child. Emma tried to comfort him but to no purpose. She fears he may commit suicide, he takes the loss of his position and the disgrace of it so hard. Emma is nearly beside herself with anxiety.

I shall go over again on Saturday to do what I can. I wish Charley could be taken to a Prohibition state, where he would not be tempted at every street corner by the odor of alcohol as he is in San Francisco. He has no position

in view and of course must take a much lower place than the one he lost. He besought Holt, Harvey and Co. to try him once more, but they positively refused to do so. I hope Papa can come down and encourage Charley to try again to redeem himself. He must have something to do to get his mind off his disgrace and also to support his wife and children.

I am well and happy in my work here at Mills. Last Thursday evening, by George Pringle's invitation, I attended an address by William Jennings Bryan at the First Baptist church, Berkeley. His subject was "God manifest in his Universe." It was a magnificent address. George saw that I got safely there, and back to my sister's on Milvia street.

Goodbye,

GRACE.

CHAPTER 16

THE ELECTION

Joseph Pringle had done his work well as secretary of the Temperance Committee. With his horse and buggy he had been over the county stirring up the voters. He spent election day about the polls seeing that the dry voters were all out. C. A. Claimant had worked heroically before and upon election day as had also the women of the Christian Temperance Union and the Prohibition party voters. No thought of anything else than the wet and dry advisory vote was in the minds of any, except the Prohibition party voter. The whole campaign on the temperance side had ignored candidates and parties. Not so on the wet side. While the drys carried the county on the advisory vote by a little more than two to one, the wets

to the surprise of those not on the inside, elected Regan for district attorney, and Grant and Colville for supervisors. All these candidates had privately and busily talked dry to the drys and wet to the wets. While securing the solid wet vote they captured a large vote from the deceived drys. The liquor men's coroner was elected five to one and this promised a proper report on all "Murphy" cases. George Langley was elected by a large majority as superintendent of schools, receiving all the dry vote and many wet votes.

The Temperance people held a jollification meeting at the Methodist church. C. A. Claimant was the principal speaker. He extolled the non-partisan method of working. "Our dry vote came from all parties, "he said, "and we should offend none of them by coming out for candidates." Triumphant hymns were sung and the liquor question in the county was declared settled for all time.

Ninety days were given the saloons to close up business. The Board of Supervisors took no action till this time had expired. The Episcopal rector had a long article in the Soto Herald advising a very high license. Some "unknown" party wrote a severe letter against the saloons and suggested a $10,000 license per year. The Colonel in the article "hid the claws of his design beneath the velvet of his policy." To the astonishment of the drys, the supervisors after the passing of much time, adopted a $10,000 license ordinance. The saloon men appealed to the courts.

After inexcusable delay it came before Judge Langley. He decided that the ordinance was unconstitutional as it claimed to license, but prohibited by the exorbitant charge. He suggested that the Board could carry out the advisory

vote of the county easily by passing a saloon-prohibiting ordinance.

Instead of doing this they commanded the District Attorney to appeal the case to the Supreme Court of the state. This court at this date was emphatically wet and after waiting more than two years decided against the high license proposition. The saloons remained victors in Lacino county.

Two years passed away and the disheartened temperance men hadn't the courage to propose any anti-saloon measure again as it seemed no use to do so. Meanwhile Mr. Claimant had been promoted to the charge of Anti-Saloon League work in a neighboring state, but his ideas of neglecting to inspect candidates had radically changed.

Joseph Pringle, in disgust at the election to the United States Senate of a wholesale San Francisco liquor dealer by unanimous vote of the Republicans of the legislature, left the Republican party and joined the Prohibition party. This "Senator" owned some twenty retail saloons, quite a number of them with brothel attachments. Though he was elected to fill out an unexpired term in the senate, temperance Republicans had hard work to explain to Pringle why he should remain longer in their party.

There now seemed to be no one at hand to lead in non-partisan temperance work at the polls.

The saloon men had their way at the next election as to supervisors, district attorney and coroner, the only officers they particularly cared for. They were generous in their support of dry men for other offices about equally divided between the two old parties. The Supreme Court of California had sustained the reasonable decision of Judge Langley. The Soto Herald wrote inoffensive tem-

perance editorials satisfactory to the trade and made good money from its ads and circulation. The saloons of the county ran unmolested for some years till a greater state organizer marshalled the divided temperance forces and led them to victory in the state.

CHAPTER 17

Saloon Local Self-Government

As soon as the little city of Bromley heard of the fight that Lacino county was making to drive out the saloons, the better element of the city determined to take advantage of the fall election to banish liquor shops from their limits. A local advisory election was arranged. All the churches and other temperance elements entered earnestly into the struggle. The town paper was on the fence at first, determined to give each side space at the same rate to present their arguments. It promised the absolute neutrality of its editorial columns. This promise was kept till our old friend Col. Stout paid a visit to its sanctum. It came out then in its editorial columns with many "pious" regrets that the ideals of the temperance people could not be at once realized, and advised the voters to consider what was the practical thing to do. High license and strict regulation was to be preferred to Prohibition according to this mountain philosopher.

The Royal Circle met to receive the Colonel as was customary in all important local contests over the saloon. Following the usual base soprano "He's a jolly good fellow," an assessment of twenty-five dollars for each saloon was made. An effective committee was organized to conduct the campaign. The hotels prepared to receive suit-

cases of bums collected from the big cities of the state. One hundred and twenty non-resident laborers working on the railroad, were persuaded by a little cash and a promise of free beer to deposit a few traps at the hotels so that the owners might register.

The party officials stood in with the wets. There were many frauds at the polls but the drys of the city worked patiently and hard against heavy odds. The liquor men were so loyal to the principal of self-government for each locality that they cheerfully paid a heavy assessment to bring in voters and non-voters from the outside to help the local politicians govern the town.

Thousands of copies of the Sacramento Buzzer were distributed from house to house. This able liquor daily influenced the thoughtless and stirred the rabble up to believe their boozing rights were to be taken away by the dry voters. Many copies of the San Francisco Exploiter were circulated during the campaign. The Exploiter's editorials were especially effective in deceiving the voters as they denounced equally whiskey and Prohibition. It proposed a fool substitute for the local Prohibition the people sought to establish. It demanded the exception of "light wine and beer" from the operation of any Prohibition law. While the whiskey men did not like the Exploiter's course as to whiskey, they were quick to see the help it gave them by throwing dust in the peoples' eyes and assisting the wets in defeating the local movement.

The wets also secured the help of several brewery-owned "labor" papers. They paid for two thousand short term subscriptions for a so-called "labor" paper published in San Francisco. Fearful and wonderful were the sta-

tistics hatched in this sheet's office. Its reports showed that beer drinkers live longer than abstainers, that taxes would overwhelm the city if it were not for the saloon revenue, that business would be seriously hurt by Prohibition, that abstainers commit more crimes than drinkers, that beer and wine promote good nature, the drinker being more kind to his wife and children than the abstainer, that if saloons were closed in Bromley, "grass would grow in the streets of the city."

A special edition of the blue laws was gotten out by these papers much bluer than any laws ever promulgated in Connecticut or in any other colony. Tobacco men were warned that their turn would come next, if the saloons have to close their doors. These fake labor papers owned by the brewers, deceived greatly the ignorant voters.

So earnestly did the temperance people work however that the wholesale fraud practiced defeated them by only 37 votes. It would have mattered little had the vote been 37 in their favor as Col. Stout had fixed the city council safely regardless of what the vote might be.

Thus was the local self-government of Bromley in all its democratic purity maintained by the liquor forces! The minority assisted by outside hirelings governed Bromley by the grace of the liquor interests and by the help of imported laborers. More than half of these laborers were not citizens of the state even. All of the old city officials were re-elected and the saloons continued their debauchery under the protection of the re-elected city government.

CHAPTER 18

The Prohibition Party

The failure to secure the banishment of the saloons from Lacino county, though over two-thirds of the voters had voted for such banishment, the scarcely disguised frauds in the Bromley election and numberless instances of the subserviency of party politicians to the beer saloons, caused a rapid increase in the Prohibition party vote in California. Prohibitionists were however very unpopular in the state in the early days. In many precincts of the state their vote was returned as scattering. In one precinct in San Francisco the election board threw every Prohibition vote under the table upon the floor as fast as it was taken from the pile, the total vote being called one less for every vote thrown away. This board became so intoxicated that they were unable to finish the count and were replaced by a new board equally subservient to the saloon power. One year against the protest of Prohibitionists several hundreds of Prohibition votes in San Francisco were counted as scattering. The direct vote against the saloon iniquity was thus kept down as low as possible for the benefit of saloon politicians and the liquor trade.

Joseph Pringle had moved from Soto to a large city of Alameda county. He had done this at the suggestion of Mrs. Pringle that their son George might have his home with them while he completed his course in post-graduate work at the University of California. Mr. Pringle was at once elected to the Prohibition county committee of his new county and he became a most

efficient member. The Prohibition vote of this county had been slowly growing. The annual county Prohibition banquet had become an affair of influence reported by the great city dailies of the state. Many men of the "old parties" were in full sympathy with the platform of the Prohibition party as to both Prohibition and Woman Suffrage. At one of these banquets Judge S. G. Key, a retired judge of the superior court of the county, spoke strongly in favor of Prohibition with the subject "Salus Populi Suprema Lex," "the safety of the people is the highest law."

At the next meeting of the county committee it was unanimously decided to ask Judge Key to accept the Prohibition party nomination for superior judge of the county. Mr. Pringle was chosen to see him and try to persuade him to accept. He called at the judge's home in the evening and was kindly received, but to the earnest presentation of the desire of the committee, the judge declined with thanks to accept the nomination. At the end of the interview Mr. Pringle arose and passed out into the front hall. As he placed his hand upon the door-knob to open the front door, the judge who had followed him into the hall, said, "Hold on a moment! You may go back and tell your committee that Judge Key thinks he ought to accept your nomination. In fact he knows he ought to accept it, but he's such a darned moral coward he doesn't dare to do it." "Oh!" said Mr. Pringle, "you don't want me to tell them that." "Yes, I do, it's the truth," replied Judge Key.

Two years later, Mr. Pringle was again sent to see the judge. He accepted the nomination and the Prohibition vote in the county jumped from about 600 to over 3000.

The Portuguese who were numerous in the county, were great friends of Judge Key. He had done them many unselfish services during his law practice and while superior judge in the county. One old Portuguese, a wine drinking farmer, was very much astonished to see the judge's name on the Prohibition ticket. Meeting Pringle during the canvass, he said, "What! You don't tell me that Judge Key thinks people ought not to drink wine!" "Yes, he certainly does think that people ought not to drink wine." "Well," said the old farmer, "if Judge Key thinks that, I drink no more wine." This shows the great influence of a man highly esteemed in any community when he takes a firm moral stand on any public question.

CHAPTER 19

Charles Dean's New Position

Mr. and Mrs. Rowland came down very promptly on receipt of Grace's letter explaining her brother-in-law's loss of his responsible position. Through Mr. Rowland's large acquaintance, Charles Dean secured a job in the big dry goods store of Smith, Reed and Co. as floor walker. As he was a courteous and gentlemanly fellow it was comparatively easy to get such a job for him. While it was much inferior in salary and dignity to his former position, it brought needed support for his wife and babies.

Saturday afternoon before Mr. and Mrs. Rowland returned to Soto, they had their two married daughters and their husbands, Charles Dean and Edward Dole at dinner with them in their hotel. Grace and George Pringle were also there. It was well understood by Grace's parents that

the young people were deeply attached to each other. This was with the glad consent of both sets of parents. Mr. Rowland's successful work put in for Charles' sake was a cause of rejoicing among all at the table. There was however a deep undercurrent of uncertainty, a feeling that was difficult to suppress. Charles' children sat at the table, Helen beside her father and Johnnie in a high chair beside Emma, his mother. After the dinner Mr. and Mrs. Dole, George and Grace accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Rowland across the Bay while Charles bade them goodbye at the ferry.

Returning from the ferry Charles tried hard to remember his promises to keep away from his old drinking companions, from all saloons and to cease drinking wine at all. Promises are easily made and kept with difficulty by men of Charles' appetite for liquor. On his way back as he left the street car only two blocks from his home, he had to pass three saloons. He hurried past two of them. In front of the third stood some of his old companions. They urged him to come in and have a drink with them, even taking hold of his arm and offering to treat. The proprietor of the place joined them in urging him to come in. He however resisted the invitation, pulled away from them, and telling them he was through with drinking for good, he hurried on home. His wife greeted him with an earnest kiss. His children climbed into his arms and asked for a story. He was gifted in telling them stories. How much better this was than to lounge around any saloon with old drinking cronies.

There was scarcely a corner in the business portion of San Francisco that a man could pass without the distinct odor of intoxicating liquor greeting his nostrils. Half-

drunken men could be seen standing about the doors of innumerable saloons. The police by orders from headquarters frequently assisted drunken men home instead of arresting them. This kept down the record of arrests for drunkenness and made a better showing for the city as compared with certain cities of Prohibition states where every drunken person was arrested.

Besides these licensed saloons there were over fifteen hundred places where bootleg stuff was sold in the city, either secretly or with the connivance of the policeman on the beat. This claim of fifteen hundred bootleg places in the city was officially made by the licensed saloonkeeper's committee in asking the council to compel the police department to suppress these bootlegging places. In justice to the dealers who regularly paid their licenses to the city, the committee claimed that these numerous unlicensed places should be closed.

CHAPTER 20

Newspapers and "the Trade"

In the early days of the Prohibition agitation in California, nearly all of the newspapers of the state were afraid to say anything against the liquor traffic. There were of course certain notable exceptions to this almost universal subserviency to the saloon and brothel business. The saloons in the main were agencies for the brothels. The saloon-supporting papers secured a large income from their liquor advertising and published any fraudulent statements against Prohibition, sent out by the liquor men in their propaganda, at a big price per line.

The San Francisco Resounder published an article,

prepared at the liquor headquarters, of some three columns which seemed to show the advantage of "regulated licence" over that of Prohibition. As Joseph Pringle took this paper he prepared a brief, courteous, but pointed reply to two of the bogus statements in the article. He personally took this reply to the Resounder's agency in the city of Oakland. He explained briefly to the local agent his reason for wishing the publication of the article. He said however that he did not think the Resounder would publish it. The local agent who inclined strongly to the temperance side, read the article and said "Of course we'll publish it. It is finely and courteously written and corrects two gross misrepresentations in our article."

One of these statements was that there were six more prisoners in the Prohibition state of Kansas than in the adjoining license state of Nebraska. The article strongly commended William Jennings Bryan for speaking against Prohibition for Nebraska in his canvas for congress.

The other statement claimed that there were more dependent children in the no-license towns of Massachusetts than in the license towns. These were two of the statements in the article among many others equally false.

Joseph Pringle's reply showed that the writer of the Resounder's article had counted 1747 United States prisoners in Leavenworth, Kansas, against Kansas and, as it happened at this time, not one of these prisoners was from Kansas. Thus the facts fairly stated would show that there were 1741 more prisoners rightly credited to Nebraska than to Kansas. He also stated that William Jennings Bryan had recently announced his conversion to a firm belief in the policy of Prohibition of the bever-

age liquor traffic for Nebraska as well as for every other state.

Mr. Pringle also explained that the state home for dependent children in Massachusetts was in a dry town and that of 652 members in this home, all counted in the Resounder's article against the dry towns, only 13 were from no-license towns, while 639 were from wet towns. This reply in regard to three statements of the Resounder's long article would have knocked the foundations out of the whole article and shown its unfair and fraudulent make-up.

Mr. Pringle told the local agent the second time that he did not think the Resounder would publish his article. The agent insisted that they ought in all fairness and even in decency to publish it. "If they do not," said he, "I'll make them tell me the reason why."

Mr. Pringle called in three days upon the agent as he had not found his article in the paper. "Wait a few days longer, I think they will find room for it," said the agent.

Two days later he called as his reply had not appeared.

"I shall go to San Francisco tomorrow and I will find out if they are going to publish it," said the agent.

Again Mr. Pringle called and the agent said, "They told me plainly they would not publish your article. I demanded to know the reason why and the editor said they did not want to offend the trade. That's all I could get out of them."

CHAPTER 21

What Paper Shall I Take?

Jackson Strait came into Pringle's shoe store and surprised him by saying that he had moved from Soto and was just getting settled in town. He was looking round to find a good location for his carpenter shop and had about decided to locate on a side street just round the corner from Pringle's shoe store.

"We'll both miss the shade trees that stood in front of your old Soto shoeshop," said Strait.

"But this bay climate will make up for that. We need little shade here," replied Pringle.

"What San Francisco paper shall I take? I must have one of the great city dailies. What one do you take?"

"I used to take the San Francisco Resounder but I dropped this because it was sold out body and soul to the liquor men. I am now taking the Exploiter, but I have jumped from the frying pan into the fire. It has sold out its conscience and its honor to the beer and wine interests."

"Yesterday the Exploiter commenting on the young murderer who while drunk on beer killed his father, published a very pious article urging all young men to refrain from drinking whiskey (though this young man had drunk no whiskey). It was a superlatively pious article. The longest-haired prohibitionist we've got, couldn't have been more sanctimonious, had he written the editorial himself. The article ended by charging falsely that whiskey produced the murder."

"I turned the pages and looked at the advertising. I saw a half page spread-eagle advertisement of a new wine and beer saloon to be opened the next Friday evening. Everybody, young and old, great and small, short and tall, were invited to attend this opening. Free wine and beer were to be served to all asking for it at the counter or at the tables. That women might not be afraid to be present, the chief of police had assigned six policemen to preserve order among the expected crowd by removing drunkards as fast as they became disorderly."

"About two weeks ago a young man returned from the saloons of Oakland to his home in Alameda, intoxicated to a crazy degree. It was a very hot day and he had drunk nothing but beer as was afterward plainly proved. Three ladies were talking in front of a neighbor's house. The beer-crazed young man drew a pistol and shot all three of them. Two of them died upon the sidewalk. Only one survived. Under the scare headline 'Ravages of Whiskey' the Exploiter detailed the event to the entire satisfaction of the brewers, giving more of its hypocritical and pseudo-pious advice to young men not to drink whiskey. I am sure I cannot advise you to take any one of the San Francisco dailies. If you take any one of them, you will wish you had taken one of the others."

"Perhaps you had better take the worst liquor sheet in San Francisco. This is the Booletad. Next to the Sacramento Buzzer it is the wettest paper in the state. It only lacks being the worst liquor paper in the state because of the lack of mental ability of its editor. It is full of squibs against Prohibition and is the most unfair of any of them against our party. It published a great

spread eagle editorial, boasting of its generosity in giving without charge, to each party in the state, a full page in one of its issues for publishing the party's principles. The Republican party put in its page. The Democratic party followed with its page and the Socialists party also took a full page."

"After these pages appeared our party sent a committee over and asked when we could have our page. We were told that the Prohibition party could not have a page. We then asked for a half page, and were answered 'No.' We then asked for a quarter page or for a single column. Each request was refused with greater and greater emphasis. We then asked what a half column would cost us and the answer was 'regular advertising rates.' For some weeks afterward it kept up its regularly repeated lie in cold type that it had donated a page to each party for them to set forth their principles before the voters. It would publish any story against Prohibition, if it knew beforehand that the story was false."

"We have one man on our state committee who often prays for the 'great dailies.' I think we'll have to elect a profane man to our state committee so that we can have a man to curse their hypocrisy. I think you and I could recommend Steve Jenkins for this position."

Strait laughed heartily at this sally and then said, "I will try the Exploiter for awhile, but I must hasten on to engage my shop. I have the refusal of it only till this evening." With this remark he hurried on.

CHAPTER 22

The Sermon (Part 1)

On Friday after her college recitations for the day, Grace went over to San Francisco to spend the week-end with her sister Emma. Helen and Johnnie gave her a riotious welcome and Emma was exceedingly glad to have her come. Charles was in good spirits, his salary having been raised at the beginning of the month. He had thus far lived up to his promise to Mr. Rowland. He had kept out of saloons and had drank no wine or beer. Hope had brightened in Emma's heart that he would continue in this course with the affection of wife and children to help him.

George Pringle was invited over to dinner on Sunday. Later towards evening he and Grace decided to go to an evening service at some near-by church. Taking Charles along with them, they left Emma with the children and attended a neighboring Baptist church. The preacher was not its pastor but he had served many years in different parts of the state of California. He came to the coast with his father and family in 1850. He had spent his boyhood in the mining counties of California. He had attended school in San Jose, graduated at the state normal school and taught a few years before entering the ministry.

After the opening hymns had been sung, scriptures read, prayer offered by the pastor and collection taken, the choir sang as a voluntary "Yield Not to Temptation." The aged preacher was then introduced. As his white hair and benevolent face appeared above the pulpit, he

slowly and firmly announced his text, "Proverbs 23:32. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Charles could not have been listening to a better sermon than he got that night. The old man had seen many bitten by the serpent and stung by the adder. He divided his sermon into many heads and said:

"1st. Notice that the text does not say 'look not upon whiskey' (as one of our San Francisco papers says). Neither does it say 'Look not upon rum,' nor 'Look not upon gin.' It says 'Look not upon wine,' the rotten juice of the grape. They had none of these stronger drinks in the olden time, nor even in the days of our Lord Jesus' ministry. The rich spiced strongly their wine but of course could not fortify it with distilled liquor as is done in these days. California wine is not red from its own color only, but is red with the blood of many fathers and of innocent wives and children. Wine and beer are Siamese twins and they must die together. They have made more young men and young women drunkards than have the stronger liquors. The latter sometimes finish off what the former have begun. In fact more crimes are committed by wine and beer drunkards than by whiskey drunkards. So-called light wine and beer start the boy on the downward course and in most cases they finish his course. Such drunkards are as bad as any other drunkards. I will give you a few cases of the many I have personally known."

"2nd. Wine or beer taken continuously in moderate quantities without drunkenness tends strongly to shorten life. Those who regularly use liquors (except a few immunes like the immunes from smallpox, twenty-five out a thousand perhaps) die off like flies in autumn in the

fifties, some of them even before reaching fifty years. The fact that there are a few immunes from smallpox does not make us careless about going into the presence of smallpox, neither should the fact that a very few alcoholic immunes live on into old age, regardless of the fact that they have used regularly alcoholic liquors, lead us into the use of wine or beer."

"One of our bright graduates of the University of California studied and practiced law for some years. He drank wine regularly and as he reached the half century mark, he began to fail rapidly. His mental condition was such that he was put into one of our insane asylums and died a practical idiot at fifty-two years of age. His brother, a total abstainer, is yet alive, in good physical and mental health in his eighty-fourth year."

"The manager of one of our largest San Francisco hotels, a strong, robust business man, a moderate but continual wine drinker, though never drunk, died at fifty-two. He ought to have lived into the nineties, and probably would have so lived had he been an abstainer."

Three brothers lived in Philadelphia. One the stronger and more robust of the three drank wine freely with his meals and at social functions though never drunk. The others were total abstainers. The former was unable to continue business beyond his fifty-second year. After months of mental prostration descending into idiocy, he died at the age of sixty. His two brothers are in perfect health and perfect mental vigor at the age of eighty-two and eighty respectively."

"3rd. A splendid young business man was being advanced rapidly by his employers, but began to drink wine. He was what we call "a susceptible," that is one very

likely to become a slave to drink. This of course he did not know when he began his wine drinking. A susceptible is the opposite of an immune. He rapidly becomes a helpless slave to any habit-forming drug and alcohol is one of the chief of these. Wine drinking caused him to fail his employers in an important emergency. He lost his important position and ruined his life. The details of that ruin I could tell you, had I sufficient time."

"4th. Several ministers I have known, were overcome with wine and were compelled to leave the pulpit. I could tell of hundreds of cases which have come under my personal knowledge of people of various occupations who have injured themselves, indeed ruined their lives by wine and beer. A few of them finished off with distilled liquors."

CHAPTER 23

The Sermon (Part 2)

"5th. But some of the saddest cases I have known have been cases where wives, children or others entirely innocent, have been seriously injured by the beverage use of alcohol on the part of husbands, fathers, relatives or strangers."

"Two children, a boy and a girl, eight and six years of age, came to my school, while I was teaching in a California city years ago. I saw that they were not properly cared for. I investigated and found that their mother was dead, her life shortened by the drunkenness of the father, a heavy beer drinker."

"About 5 o'clock one cold Saturday night in the month of January, the father went into town with a week's

wages in his pocket to buy groceries. The two children asked to go along with him and he took them, for he was a kindly man when sober. Coming home with the children, as he passed a saloon he gave them the groceries and asked them to wait for him, as he would be out in a minute or two. He sat drinking beer with his old cronies and forgot all about the children. Scantily clothed they huddled up the best way they could in an adjoining doorway where they were partly protected from the wind. At 11 o'clock at night a policeman came along and found them. On asking them why they were out in the cold at that time of night, they told him they were waiting for their father who was in the saloon."

"The policeman went in and brought the father out. So drunk was he, that he had to be helped home. The policeman gave him some excusable 'cuss words' and threatened to put him in the chain gang, if he ever found him drunk again. The little girl got so bad a cold that she was down with pneumonia and the skill of a sympathetic physician and the kindness of neighbors' nursing, barely saved her life. I saw that these children were taken from their beer-guzzling father and placed in a good home. Though he had been drunk scores of times no trace of any arrests for his drunkenness could be found. This kept down arrests and made the licensed California city, with its hundreds of saloons, compare more favorably with Prohibition cities as to arrests for drunkenness."

"6th. A neighbor of mine, ordinarily a kindly man, once in a while got drunk at a beer saloon on a nearby business street. In this condition he was ugly. He had beaten his wife several times when drunk. He was a

large powerful man and she could not resist him at all. One evening she saw him coming home drunk. She had been ill and confined to her bed but was now better and just able to sit up. She locked her chamber door hoping he would think she was over at the neighbor's and not search for her. He came up stairs however and rapping heavily upon the door demanded admittance. When she kept still and hesitated to open the door, he began to kick out the panels. Running to her chamber window, she opened it and jumped out, breaking one of her legs and injuring herself internally. The neighbors gathered about her and had her taken to the hospital. The police took her husband to the city prison. The judge fined him twenty-five dollars and sent him to jail for ten days. This fine came out of the resources of the family and so was paid no more by him than by her. The saloonkeeper got all the profits of my neighbor's drunk."

"7th. Coming home one evening several years ago, I passed a house in which a young business man lived with his wife and two little girls. One was six years old and the other was four. As I came near the doorway I heard the wife calling for help from the open chamber window. The little girls, frantic with terror, were screaming at the top of their voices. Several neighbors joining me, we rushed into the house and up stairs. We found the man, completely crazed with liquor, chopping at the chamber door with an ax, trying to get in to his wife and children. The policeman on the beat helped us in overpowering the drunkard and took him to the city jail. The injury to the nervous systems of those little girls and the mother later sent the mother to the insane asylum and I do not know what became of the little girls. I

would not have had my own girls so frightened for all the wealth of the Rockefellers.

"8th. A young Episcopalian clergyman just from an Eastern University and Theological Seminary, was pleasontly located by his denomination in an important mission in a California city. He had an excellent and brilliantly qualified wife and a little girl six years old. He was very affable and everybody liked him. I was introduced to him as a Prohibitionist in one of our printing offices where we each had our printing done. He sat down beside me and said with a pleasant smile, 'You Prohibitionists are all off on your doctrine with regard to wine. Wine is a good creature of God. It promotes sociability and good fellowship among men.' He quoted the poets as to the pleasures of wine. He said that wine cheered the heart of man, that Paul commended it to Timothy, that Christ sanctioned its use on festive occasions, etc., etc. I replied that I regarded wine as a mocker, especially in these days when so much of it is fortified with distilled liquors. I told him I could not possibly agree with him and that I believed wine for very many people at last bit like a serpent and stung like an adder."

"A few years after this I was sorry to learn that his orders had been taken away from him because he had several times gone into his pulpit more or less intoxicated. His sensitive wife went into her grave through the disgrace of it. Some years later I heard that he was living with his daughter in Berkeley, where he could get books from the University library. When sober he was a very talented man. He came home one Saturday afternoon drunk on California wine that he thought promoted good fellowship. He continued drinking all the afternoon and

evening and became so ugly that his daughter, now a full-grown young woman, was afraid of him. She went to a neighbor's to get a good friend of her father's to come in and quiet him. This friend promptly responded and as he entered the room her drink-crazed father drew a revolver and shot his friend through the heart. Having influential friends he was sent by the judge to one of our insane asylums. After two years he was released because of the influence of these friends. Coming to San Francisco, he lived with a woman of the town. As he still drank the strongest wine he could get and was ill-tempered when drinking heavily, the woman became afraid of him and left him. He then committed suicide with a revolver he had purchased for this purpose. I was never able to find out what became of his daughter. I think she went East to live with relatives."

"Heedless thousands have found this scripture of my text true. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. Out of my own experience for many years here in California, I could tell such stories as these I have told you, from now till the morning sun rises over the Berkeley hills."

As the aged preacher sat down, the pastor arose, approved heartily the sermon and gave as the closing hymn No. 617 in the Baptist hymnal:

1. Mourn for the thousands slain,
   The youthful and the strong,
   Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign
   And the deluded throng.

2. Mourn for the ruined soul,
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl
And turned to helpless night.

3. Mourn for the lost—but call
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun the dreadful fall
And to the refuge flee.

4. Mourn for the lost—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

As the choir and congregation finished singing this hymn, the old man stretched forth his hands and gave the benediction,

"May Grace, Mercy and Truth be and abide with each one of you, now and forever. AMEN."

CHAPTER 24

The Saloon Riot

As George, Grace and Charles were leaving the church, Deacon C. H. Fisher shook hands with them and invited them to come again. Fisher was a strong Prohibition party man and of course commended the sermon highly. Charles was very thoughtful and on the steps of the church he said to George, "I could have told of nearly as many sad cases as the old man told."

"And I could have done the same," replied George. "He did not mention one of the worst things that is almost sure to happen to the drunkard's children when he

is far advanced on the downward course. In my old home town of Soto was a family of ten children. The father became quite gradually more and more given up to wine drinking. His older children were very bright and scholarly, but about the fifth child began to show less intellectual ability. The children became less and less bright as the father became more and more drunken. The next to the last child was feeble-minded and the last child was simply a plain idiot. The irresponsibility of the drunkard to any moral appeals is the most pitiable factor in the drink problem. Wife may be ragged and children without shoes and without education, but the woeful consequences of his drinking, plain to everyone else, makes no appeal to him."

"Yes," said Charles, "I have known such cases here in San Francisco. I would rather die than begin drinking again."

Grace replied, "We hope for the sake of all your friends, for the sake of Emma and the children and for your own sake, you may neither die for a long time nor drink any more at any time."

"You may count positively on my letting liquor alone for the rest of my life. I have had my lesson and have learned it well."

As they turned the corner when about half way home from church, loud and angry voices were heard within the saloon which occupied the corner. A passing policeman paused and listened. One had drawn a revolver and the crowd rushed out. The policeman entered just as the report of the pistol was heard. Dave Pedrini, a musician, formerly in the same quartette with Charles, had fatally shot a young man of the city. He was promptly arrested

and taken to the city prison. The wounded man was hurried to the hospital, but expired before arriving there.

As they proceeded homeward, George said to Charles, "We have not only heard something about the liquor business tonight but we have seen some of its results. Pedrini always thought he was a friend of yours but he was not your friend at Sacramento when he urged you to drink a glass of wine with him in one of the capital's saloons."

"No, he was not," said Charles.

Reaching home they rang the door bell and as Emma opened the door, George said, "Grace and I will hurry on to our Oakland ferryboat and leave Charles to tell you of our exciting experience on the way home, Goodbye." Goodbye," added Grace, which was echoed by Emma and Charles.

CHAPTER 25

Wine and Beer Interests

Colonel Stout had been very active in defeating candidates for the legislature who did not respond to the brewers test of fitness. He could always count on the legislature's safe majority for forwarding the interests of the wine and beer industry. The minority's vote however was slowly increasing with each returning legislature and this worried him. The temperance men were multiplying and the Prohibition party was growing rapidly. He had led the forces that had with difficulty defeated the local option bill in the last legislature. As the temperance men were becoming better organized, he feared that the next session could not be so perfectly controlled by

the liquor forces as the sessions had been controlled in the past. Local option was becoming very popular throughout the country. This politician's straddle term doubtless helped forward at first the local Prohibition movement. It enabled some politicians leaning to the temperance side of the saloon question to vote as Prohibitionists wished and at the same time to deny that they favored Prohibition on a larger scale.

"Why are you not up at Sacramento working for the local option bill?" said Dr. James Steadmore, pastor of the Congregational church, as he met Jackson Strait on Broadway.

"We Prohibition party fellows are gunning for larger game," replied Strait.

"But a half loaf is better than no bread. Dr. D. M. Gondiler, our temperance leader, is up there working for the bill and the liquor men are working hard against it. They are mightily scared of trusting the peoples' vote."

"Dr. Gondiler is all right and working as he ought for the present, but our particular business is to work for the future. Our party's work is not for today. We'll shock those old liquor men, Col. Stout and all the rest of them, by keeping the word Prohibition on their ballots. They'd rather meet a ghost in a graveyard on a dark night than see the word Prohibition on their ballots some sunshiny election day. It makes them tremble for the future as our vote increases."

Col. Stout, hard at work at Sacramento, called together the Knights of the Royal Circle on Saturday evening. The hall was well filled with men and tobacco smoke by nine o'clock. Without any notice of the ritual, Col. Stout was

introduced. After the faint cheering had subsided, he began his speech.

"Gentlemen of the Royal Circle, we are in danger of being beaten by this local option bill. The growth of the Prohibition party and the activities of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Anti-Saloon League and other temperance organizations are leading many conservative men to favor this bill as a compromise measure. Again the temperance forces have found a great state leader in Dr. D. M. Gondiler of the Anti-Saloon League. He has been able to unite all kinds of people opposed to the saloon. Some of our saloon people, whose patronage is a little more tony than the average, are beginning to think we ought to clean up a bit at least in appearance. In three weeks the vote is to be taken in the Assembly on the local option bill and a few days later the Senate votes on the matter. Now I want every one of you to keep up at least an appearance of decency. Don't turn drunken men out into the street. Take care of them till they sober up. Don't sell to a boy already half drunk. I beg of you to obey the state law for at least three weeks. If you do not, the bill is sure to go through both houses."

"We have six men in the Assembly and three men in the Senate that are still on the fence. Your archon has given me the names of a committee from the near-by owners of wine vineyards. I have telegraphed these men to come to Sacramento and meet me. I want them to see the doubtful legislators. I have called you Sacramento dealers together to urge you to be decent, especially during these three weeks. Obey the laws of the state till this local option bill is settled. This is our only hope of defeating the bill. In the mean while we will talk, not beer and

wine, but vineyards. We will tell them it is the opening wedge for Prohibition in the state and Prohibition will ruin not only the wine-grape vineyards but the whole grape industry in the state, wine, table and raisin."

This rather discouraging address brought forth no applause such as the Colonel was used to receiving. The audience was dismissed and rapidly deserted the hall. The archon and the Colonel remained for a while in consultation. Finally the archon said, "The wholesale wine men made a great mistake, when they cut down the price of wine grapes to six dollars per ton delivered at the wineries. Some of the wine grape vinyardists that I am acquainted with, have been pulling up their grapevines and putting out various other kinds of fruit."

"Yes, the wine trust has kept the price of wine grapes too low for several years. The vineyardist does not care whether he is ruined by Prohibition or by the wine and brandy trust. Fresno county which ought to be one of our wettest counties because of its grape interests is rapidly becoming dry and is sending dry men to the legislature. The raisin grape men take little stock in our claim that the raisin grape industry will be ruined by Prohibition. The editor of the Fresno Republican, one of the ablest edited papers in the state, is openly against us. He says that Prohibition will not injure the raisin business."

The Colonel rose and, giving his hand to the archon, hastily departed for his hotel. The subject of the low price of wine grapes was not a pleasant one for him to discuss. His wealth had been materially increased by the low price of grapes and the high price of wine and brandy. To do him justice however let it be said that

he had urged before the men controlling the wine trust. a higher price than the trust had allowed. He had warned them that the vineyardist would give them less earnest support in the warfare against Prohibition, if they robbed him by this ridiculously low price for his grapes.

CHAPTER 26

The Rising Tide

Hello Strait!" said Pringle, as the carpenter came into the shoe shop early one morning. "Did you hear the news from Sacramento?"

"No, I haven't heard what the upper house did with the local option bill. Did they pass it?"

"Yes, and the governor signed the bill today. It is now the law. We must not however be content with any local successes. When we carry the whole country for Prohibition the saloon men will be howling for local option. The dear people of the wet cities will want to be allowed to vote on the question of obeying the constitution or not. They will want the "Sidewalks of New York" to interpret the constitution instead of the Supreme Court of the United States. We can always find some districts, especially great cities, where the vote will be wet. New York City and Chicago will want beer and wine to drink. They will want, after Prohibition comes in the United States. 'to put a foot on the brass rail and blow off the froth.' We must not attempt to settle this question by local option on a part-wet and part-dry plan as a permanent condition."

"No, I have almost wished that the local option bill would fail. I am so indignant at the men who are per-

fectly willing that the poor man's home should be surrounded by saloons, if only they can keep them away from their own homes."

"Well, I think the local option law is, in the present stage of our game, a slight advance towards the result we seek. But we Prohibition party men must not be turned aside for a moment from our goal, the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific under Prohibition law by constitutional amendment. A victorious national party must also be openly for the enforcement of this law. Although Dr. Gondiler does not act directly with our party, I know he wants no final settlement of this question till it is settled as our party wants it settled, namely, Prohibition for the whole country with an enforcing party behind the law. At present he thinks we can get neither of the two big parties openly to espouse the law. He works for individual dry men, hoping by and by to get a party fearless enough to be openly and above board dry. The idiotic silver split in our party made him decide that our leadership was not strong enough to build a victorious national party, desirable as this would be. He is, I know, very sympathetic with Prohibition party voters and does not denounce us as visionary as many Anti-Saloon men are inclined to do."

"Here come some customers for you and I must be off," said Strait, as he hastily arose and left the store.

Pringle fitted out two men with shoes and waited upon several ladies soon afterward. His business was rapidly growing. He had employed a man for repairing, locating him in the rear room of his shop. This man was kept busy all day long. He had also engaged a man and had him at work with himself in the front shop. He had just

shown a man into the rear repair shop and, returning, the front door opened and Steve Jenkins stood before him.

"How are you Joe Pringle? I've had hard work to find you. I went to Twelfth avenue instead of Twelfth street. I tried to get here early before you got too busy, but this was a round about way to find you." After a rousing handshake, Mr. Pringle led the way to his private office and asked how all the Soto folks were.

"Soto folks are all right now that the local option bill has passed."

"How is Charles Rowland? Is he still interested in temperance work?"

"He is decidedly. As soon as the local option law passed he started right in getting up a petition to banish the saloons from Lacino county. He hired a half dozen solicitors for names and has the petition sufficiently signed to force an election. It won't come out as it did before either. Damn the whole liquor outfit. We will kick every saloon out of the United States by 1920."

"I am very glad to hear of Mr. Rowland's activity against this great curse."

"Yes, and I have learned that the curse has fallen upon his own family. I understand that his own son-in-law, Charles Dean, lost a valuable position because of drinking. I hope for Mr. Rowland's sake and for his family's sake, to say nothing of his own sake, he may reform."

"He has reformed and has been as straight as a taut string for the last year and a half. Rowland's other son-in-law, Edward Dole has joined our Prohibition party and has been put on our county and our state committee.

He is a strong worker for Prohibition though two years ago he was an active Republican."

"Prohibitionists are getting thicker than blackberries in our old State of Maine pastures."

"Yes, Prohibition sentiment is growing rapidly and if congress submits the amendment to the states, we'll see that the California legislature ratifies it. But I forgot to ask, how you all are down here in this bay fog?"

"We are all well. George has nearly finished his law course. He helps me a couple of hours in the afternoon on Saturdays here in the store. He does not feel ashamed that his father toils in a shoe shop."

"George is a splendid fellow. I hope he has not forgotten his interest in Grace Rowland."

"Not at all. She graduates next year and I presume they will be married as soon as he gets a footing among the legal lights."

"I met Strait on the street just as he was hurrying to a job. I found he had not backslidden on the saloon question. By the way our former saloon keepers, Randall and Richards have gotten out of the saloon business. They were men too good to be in it anyway. Randall joined the Presbyterian church which was the church he attended in his boyhood. Richards joined the Baptist church. They are now dependable workers among us, doing all they can to drive the saloons from our county."

"I am very glad to hear this good report."

"Jake McCarthy was shot and killed by a father whose daughter came near being ruined in a brothel restaurant annex which McCarthy had placed behind his saloon. It opened upon the side street and had a fine looking front. She had been taken there by a San Francisco runner for

brothels. He was a handsome young man and was to be paid a large sum by one of the San Francisco "high class" brothels with wealthy clientele, for bringing in to them a young, pretty and uncontaminated girl whom his pretended love had seduced. McCarthy himself had brought the wine into the private off-set room, drugging, by agreement with the young man, that which the young lady was to drink. McCarthy was half drunk himself and over drugged the portion. An old man who had seen better days, noticed that something was wrong. This beautiful young lady, he believed, did not know what kind of a place she was in. He hastily summoned the policeman on the beat and went with him. They found the young lady nearly unconscious. They got medical aid and took the girl home. The young man fled from the town, where he had been only about three weeks. For a time the young lady's life was in danger. You read about the matter, I presume, in the Soto Herald which I sent you at the time. This occurrence caused the Herald to change its neutral attitude as to saloons and it has stood ever since squarely for voting the saloons out of the county. Henry Goddard, still its editor, was on the jury that acquitted the farmer a few months later. Judge Langley manifestly was pleased with the verdict."

"I am glad to hear that the Herald has at last taken the right stand."

"But I must catch my train, Goodbye and good luck."

"Remember me to all the good folks in Soto," said Pringle as he bade Steve goodbye at the side door of his office.

CHAPTER 27

The Skillful Counter Organizer

Dr. D. M. Gondiler, who was in the prime of middle life, accepted the leadership of the Anti-Saloon League in place of the aged and faithful old veteran whose watchword had been "A Stainless Flag." The work needed the strength of a younger and more vigorous man. Dr. Gondiler in one of his early addresses after assuming his new office, emphasized the fact that all voters favorable to Prohibition must unite on individual dry candidates.

"Not yet," he said, "can these voters be gathered into one national party, though I wish they could be so gathered. The stool upon which we must stand at present has three dependable legs, the Anti-saloon League, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Prohibition party. Conservatives must not denounce radicals and radicals must not denounce conservatives. These three legs must hold up our cause for the time being. The churches will cooperate behind this leadership. They cannot enter politics directly on genuine political questions, but will and ought to stand behind moral issues even when these are semi-political. Other lesser temperance organizations will help us."

The increased dry vote in the California legislature was largely due to Dr. Gondiler's leadership. The passage of the local option law was entirely due to his plans and the execution thereof by himself and his helpers of all parties.

The Prohibition party was not enthused over trying to get a local option law. Of course they did not oppose

it. They emphatically opposed however the doctrine that any community has the right to say whether it shall have saloons or not. Their doctrine was that no community had the right to have saloons, even if it wanted them. Dr. Gondiler understood this position and was not impatient with the men who maintained it. Indeed he got the party to endorse in many districts dry men for the legislature. By uniting as many dry elements as possible, he had put the local option law on the statute books of California. He also used in several instances the votes of Prohibition party voters to put dry men into the Lower House of Congress.

In political tact and organization Col. Stout had met his match and for the first time he had been defeated at his own trade of handling supervisors, councilmen and members of the legislature. He still had much money to use and lots of political influence but this legislative defeat was the beginning of the end for the saloon's power in California. He still had the great city newspapers, such as the Resounder, the Exploiter and the Booletad of San Francisco, the Deluder and the Timeserver of Los Angeles, the Buzzer of Sacramento, the Janus of Oakland and scores of "me too" papers in less populous cities. He had plenty of saloon advertising to give to his subsidized papers throughout the state. The labor papers, so-called, were his puppets publishing all sorts of pretended facts trying to show that Prohibition would seriously injure the laborers of California. All these papers great and small continuously repeated these stereotyped expressions:

"If saloons were closed, thousands of men would be thrown out of employment, grass would grow in the

streets of our cities, banks would fail, liberty would be lost, long-haired men and short-haired women would run the country. If Prohibition came, the laborer could not get his glass of beer, no visitor to the state his glass of wine and even if the president of Columbiana University came to California he would be troubled and worried about getting a glass of our native champagne."

Col. Stout fought very hard the legislative bill prohibiting saloons within a mile of the University of California. In this fight he was beaten. He was active however in encouraging the establishment of saloons just outside of the forbidden area. In Oakland and in San Francisco he secured a few especially tony places to cater to University students. He labored energetically in persuading Educational Clubs to serve wine at their banquets and in general was, either personally or by trusted agents, present wherever the beer and wine men wished to exploit their products.

After the law was passed forbidding liquor sale or public service of liquors within one mile of the University, his active helpers got a Schoolmasters Club to violate the laws of California by serving wine at a general banquet on the University grounds. The wine was poured from pitchers into the glasses instead of from bottles. This did not seem on the surface quite so defiant of law, as if the wine had been poured from bottles. It was a hypocritical concession to the schoolmasters of strong temperance sentiments, many of whom were present.

In fact so solid was the wine and beer organization that in one of our large cities a candidate for principal of a high school felt it was wise to announce casually at the school board meeting that he was not a total abstainer.

He got the principalship all right with the help of Col. Stout and his assistants. Several schoolmen withdrew from this schoolmasters club because the management insisted on serving wine at all their banquets. A few cared to tell the club directly that this was the cause of their withdrawal.

The president of the University of California who had, during his first years of service at the University, joined in the wine-drinking at banquets, later seeing the evil effect of wine upon many graduates and among youth in general, decided that he ought to set a strictly temperance example before his students and at once began to turn down his glass at all banquets. In fact he quit entirely the use of either beer or wine at home or abroad. He also gave no liquor to any of his guests. Col. Stout and other leaders of the wine industry of California noticed this change in the president's practice with much concern. Prohibitionists rejoiced that such thoughtful men were beginning to see the seriousness of the liquor question. By precept and example the president of Stanford University had always stood for total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. President Eliot of Harvard had recently taken this stand.

The agitation by the Prohibition party, by the Woman's Christian Union, by the Anti-Saloon League and by other organizations was having its effect upon many thoughtful men in church circles and elsewhere. These men began to see that the adoption of the doctrine of Prohibition of all traffic in intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes would save damage to the country in numerous directions. Many old-fashioned people began to change their minds as to the liquor traffic in any community.

Joseph Pringle, while circulating a petition to the city council of Oakland, asking them to submit the question of saloons or no saloons to the voters, called upon two merchants on Twelfth street. One, Edwards, a prominent Methodist, and the other, Baker, a prominent Episcopalian, refused to sign the petition. They each repeated the proverb of the olden time, "If the saloons are voted out of Oakland, the town will be killed. Grass will grow in the streets."

Jackson Strait assisted in passing these petitions and was quite apt to "blow up" any business man who would not sign. He got angry and called several of them moral cowards. Pringle, however, got better satisfaction on his two refusing church members than the satisfaction of blowing them up. A few weeks later a saloon man petitioned the city council for a license to occupy a vacant store between the stores of Edwards and Baker and on the same street a half block from either. These two business men hustled about and got up a petition to head off this saloon which they knew would damage their business. The Oakland Janus published the fact that they were personally passing the petitions. Pringle sent a note to the Janus and asked its publication. The note appeared under the heading as follows:

"An Astonished Subscriber"

"The undersigned called upon Mr. Edwards and upon Mr. Baker a short time ago to get them to sign a petition to the city council asking them to submit the saloon question to the voters to see if they would not vote the saloons out of the city. Both these men individually refused to sign the petition and each told me that, if the saloons were

voted out of Oakland, the grass would grow in the streets of the city. They now want the council to keep the saloon off their Twelfth street block. This astonishes me. What do they want? Do they want grass to grow on Twelfth street? Perhaps the Janus can explain to an astonished subscriber what Edwards and Baker want. Do they want grass or no grass on Twelfth street? Please inform us in your valuable columns.

Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH PRINGLE."

CHAPTER 28

SUBMISSION OF THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT

The sentiment against saloons was rapidly growing in California. Their evil effects upon society were so apparent that few men of any moral purpose dared to defend them. Many towns, counties and smaller cities voted them out of their borders. Lacino county was one of the earliest to dispose of them under the local option law. Charles Rowland was the leader in the movement. Judge Langley and his son George were openly and energetically on the right side of the issue. The Judge's wife was a leader among the women of the county. The Soto Herald took a strong stand in favor of ousting the saloons from the county. Henry Goddard had gotten his eyes open to the mighty evils inseparable from the saloon business. They were banished under the provisions of the local option law by a vote of more than three to one.

Berkeley was one of the earliest cities of Northern California to do away with saloons. The Berkeley Gazette was foremost in this anti-saloon movement. Edward Dole

and Mrs. Dole were among the leaders here in this good work. Mr. Dole and George Pringle spoke evening after evening from an old delivery wagon as it moved from street corner to street corner. By a big majority the saloons were voted out.

State after state in the East and South were adopting Prohibition either by statute or by placing the policy in the state constitution. Thirty states had already adopted Prohibition and the movement became so general that an amendment to the constitution of the United States was hoped for by the active moral forces of the nation. California, though considered the great wine producing state, was not far behind. She had sent a Prohibition party congressman from the Southern part of the state to the lower house and increased the party vote in the state to more than 60,000. A constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes became the legal goal sought. Indeed this became the rallying cry of Prohibitionists from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Dry congressmen from California were increasing in numbers and the Prohibition party congressman* from Southern California was one of the most efficient members in forwarding Prohibition sentiment on the floor of the lower house. Indeed his influence in both houses of congress was very great.

The Prohibition party outside of their own candidate in the ninth district and in a few others, supported in the main whatever dry candidates were running whether they were Republican or Democratic candidates. These, how-

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* Charles H. Randall, Los Angeles.

ever, had to announce themselves openly as dry. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union did effective work in supporting men known to be favorable to a Prohibition amendment. Dr. D. M. Gondiler of the Anti-Saloon League was remarkably successful in promoting unity of effort on the part of the dry voters of California in working for a dry legislature and a dry congress. Since the women of California had been enfranchised the dry vote had gone forward by rapid strides. The saloon men were for the first time frightened lest they lose control of congress and fall below absolute control of even one-third of congress. In this case they could not prevent the submission of a dry amendment.

A big meeting of the anti-liquor voters was called by Dr. Gondiler to meet at Fresno preceeding the fall campaign. The active dry voters of the state consulted and united for the purpose of electing a dry legislature and as many dry members of congress as possible. When the election was over the drys felt that possibly they had the votes in congress to submit a Prohibition amendment. They knew also they had made a large gain in the legislature.

The new congress discussed the amendment thoroughly. Colonel Stout was in Washington trying to defeat the measure. He spoke before the committee of each house. "Prohibition," he said, "would confiscate the vineyards of California. Not only would the wine-grape vineyards be ruined, but table and raisin vineyards would be destroyed by this radical and senseless legislation. The second quality of grapes from these latter vineyards are sent to the wineries and this sale constitutes the main profits."

Charles Rowland also went to Washington on his way back from a business trip to New York. He labored earnestly among congressmen for the amendment. Some of his congressional acquaintances were surprised to see him working with Prohibition advocates, knowing his former custom of using wine. One congressman asked him why he had changed his attitude on the temperance question. "Because," he replied, "the curse came into my own family. My son-in-law's life was nearly ruined by wine and all my daughters abhor any intoxicating liquor."

The United States Senate on August 1st, 1917, proposed the amendment by a vote of 65 to 20. The House of Representatives took the subject up in earnest. Col. Stout labored incessantly before the proper committee and with individuals. Charles Rowland made all manner of fun of Stout's arguments. He told the committee that other uses would be found for grapes, even for wine grapes. "Besides," he said, "for four or five years wine grapes have brought only six or seven dollars a ton delivered at the wineries. Because of this low price forced upon the vineyardists by the wine and brandy trust, acres of wine grapes have been pulled up and other fruit planted in place of grapes. Many were sorry they had planted grapes, the income from their acreage had been so small."

The House of Representatives on December 17th, 1917, concurred with the Senate on the proposition and by a vote of 282 to 128 submitted the amendment. The work of submission was accomplished. It was made the duty both of congress and of the several states within their borders, to enforce the amendment by appropriate legislation and proper enforcement activities. Any state re-

fusing to pass enforcement laws, if the amendment is properly ratified by the required thirty-six states, will be practically seceding from the support of the constitution of the United States.

By accident Mr. Rowland and Col. Stout met on the return to California, finding themselves for a short time on the same sleeper.

"How are you, Col. Stout?" said Rowland, as they shook hands in the dressing room.

"Very well," said Stout. "I am better today than my cause is. You folks have beaten us badly. You spoiled our best argument for our wine vineyards, when you told them of the price of wine grapes delivered at the wineries during the past four or five years."

"We are going to win California from you. The majority of congressmen from our state are now dry and we intend that our next legislature shall be dry in both houses."

"We don't believe you can do it."

"You thought we could not do it in congress, but we did."

"You are lucky in having such a leader as Dr. Gondiler."

"Yes, we are. And the liquor men of California have been lucky in having you as leader. We would have beaten you several years ago in our state, had it not been for the organization you effected and the hard manipulating work you have done."

"In many respects our work has been faulty. We haven't held back sufficiently our lawless element. We allowed woman suffrage to be carried, when, as I told them, we ought to have defeated it. The women's vote,

I fear, will be our undoing. We shall make a hard fight to prevent California from ratifying and to keep sufficient states from doing so within the seven years allowed you."

"We'll not need seven years to carry the amendment. Our cause is advancing by leaps and bounds."

"Well, good day, Rowland! I must get off at this station. My brother lives here."

"Good day, Colonel! Success to you in everything except in your fight for wine and beer."

"That's been my only fight for the last twenty years," replied the colonel with a dry smile as he stepped off the train.

CHAPTER 29

California Ratifies

Jackson Strait entered Joseph Pringle's shoe store, threw up his hat and exclaimed, "Three cheers for the Prohibition amendment! We've won in congress and its properly submitted."

"Yes," replied Pringle, "and we must see that California ratifies at the next session of its legislature."

"That we will. Do you know that Charles Rowland, coming back from a business trip to New York, stopped over six weeks in Washington working hard on the members of the House of Representatives to get them to follow the Senate and finish what was necessary to submit the amendment to the states. I forgive him for all he said to me some few years ago in favor of moderate drinking of wine."

"He is not the only man in these United States who has changed his opinion on the liquor question, since our

Prohibition party began its agitation against the wine and beer saloon. Wlliam Jennings Bryan stumped his congressional district in Nebraska against Prohibition and President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University spoke against Prohibition repeatedly when we began the battle, but now both these eminent men are outspoken in favor of our position on the liquor question. They made this change of opinion, like our own president of the University of California, by honest and patient study of all the elements of the problem."

"You remember David Thorp," continued Pringle, "one of our wealthy Prohibitionists of Alameda who died recently. He was a moderate wine drinker till his son, drunk on wine, attempted to shoot him. This caused him to become a Prohibitionist. He traveled in Europe many months studying the drink problem. He said that he stayed four months in Munich. The leading physician of that city, high in government employ, told him that sixty per cent of the men of that city who died after reaching forty years of age, died of diseases that were the result of their beer drinking. Munich, you know, is the greatest beer drinking city of the world. Thorp reported that the European government control system was a farce, that France and Italy were being impoverished by the fruit of their vineyards, that the liquor traffic threatens the stability of England, and that Prohibition was the only way to save the morals of the civilized world from utter collapse."

At this point in the conversation, the front door opened and Steve Jenkins' tall form loomed up as he exclaimed, "You darned old long-haired Prohibitionists, what are you doing? Planning, I bet ye, to ruin our beautiful Cali-

fornia vineyards. You are trying to take from the poor man his glass of beer and from the president of Columbarian University his glass of champagne. You want to take our delightful California wine from our profitable brothels, without which we cannot run them successfully. You are trying to close saloons and make grass grow in the streets of our cities. You have befuddled congress into submitting a prohibition amendment. What are you fellows up to anyway?"

With a boisterous laugh he extended both his strong arms and, grasping the hands of his friends, he exclaimed, "How are you Joe Pringle and how are you Jack Strait?"

"We are all right, how are you?"

"First rate and Soto people are first rate, too."

"We are ready for the fight," said Pringle, "to put California in the ratifying column when the next legislature meets."

"I have to go back this afternoon and what shall I tell our people? Shall I report that Jack Strait and Joe Pringle are going to open a two-and-twenty-five-hundredths per cent wine and beer saloon to promote the cause of true temperance?"

"You tell them that Strait and Pringle are more dead set against wine and beer than they ever were and that they believe we can elect a dry legislature, if Soto drys will work as hard as we propose to do."

"Tell them," said Strait, "that one half of one per cent, the liquor dealers definition of intoxicating liquors, suits us all right."

"Well you can count on Soto sending one dry assemblyman." Steve then shook hands again and hurried away to his train.

"He's an odd genius, but an effective fellow, Strait."

"He is that, but you must attend to these customers that are coming in." With this remark Strait left for his carpenter shop.

As Steve Jenkins boarded the Soto train he saw Col. Stout seated in the middle of the car and, walking straight forward, he took a seat beside him.

"Well, Colonel," he said, "why are you placarding all these vineyards with these notices to voters not to destroy our vineyards?"

"Because that's just what you damned Prohibitionists are trying to do."

"No, Colonel, we're trying to make a big boom in grape juice for you, in syrups, in grapes in the bunch for children and grown people so that the vineyardist can get more than six or seven dollars a ton for his grapes."

"Nonsense! If Prohibition is adopted most of the grapes of California, wine, table and raisin, will have to be fed to the hogs. There will be no sale for them."

"You are entirely mistaken, Colonel, Prohibition will take it out of the power of the wine and brandy trust to grind down the vineyardist to six dollars a ton delivered at the wineries."

"I must leave you here," said Stout, as he hastily arose and left the train. A carriage was in waiting to take him to his magnificient home on the hills overlooking the town. Jenkins continued his journey to Soto.

A few months passed. Active personal and public work was done by the temperance organizations of the state. Dr. D. M. Gondiler again called a meeting of all the Prohibition workers of California to be held in Fresno in the late spring in preparation for united work for a dry

legislature to ratify the amendment. George Pringle who had received his admission to the bar, Edward Dole and Mrs. Dole of Berkeley, and others were sent to this meeting by the Alameda county Prohibition committee. Many came from all parts of the state to this great convention. Charles Rowland and his daughter Grace, now teaching her first school in her native town, came from Soto. Dr. Gondiler planned the program of the meeting and with his helpers attended so thoroughly to the details that it was the most harmonious and the greatest meeting of the dry forces ever held in the state.

The Southern part of the state was far ahead of the Northern part in strength of Prohibition sentiment. Much harder work had to be done in the North to make any good showing. The Alameda county Prohibition committee had been well organized and with the assistance of the Northern California committee had held in Oakland twenty-five regular banquets, one each year, attended by Prohibitionists from all parts of Northern California. The Alameda county committee had published for some three years a weekly paper called the "Pacific Prohibitionist," edited by a member of the committee. Later the Northern California committee published a monthly called "Backbone" and sent many copies into Legislative districts to assist in electing dry men to the legislature. A student from the Congregational School of Religion at Berkeley was very active in this work and, with a young man as his assistant, canvassed Northern California each vacation for the Prohibition party. Quite a number of dry candidates were glad to receive the Prohibition party nomination in addition to that of their own party. Five

dry candidates who would vote to ratify were helped to victory in Northern California by such nominations.

In the second senatorial district, Dr. Gondiler advised Mr. Bickford the dry Republican candidate, to accept the Prohibition party nomination or endorsement, which had been offered him. He sent George Pringle to meet him at the University of California commencement. George found him and urged him to accept. Indeed he spent some time with him trying to show him the help it would be to receive this added nomination. Personally Mr. Bickford thought it advisable, but his Republican committee unwisely advised him not to accept, and he took their advice.

The wet Democratic candidate for senator, Mr. Sprague, who was a skillful politician, sent one of his friends out into dry communities of his district to tell dry voters he was dry and Mr. Bickford was wet. Having no contrary information many dry voters cast their ballots for Mr. Sprague and he was elected by a majority of three votes. Had Mr. Bickford taken Dr. Gondiler's advice as he was urged to do by George Pringle, he would have been elected by a safe majority. The drys would then have been one stronger and the wets one weaker in the senate in the crisis that was to decide whether California would ratify or not.

At a meeting of the Prohibition committee of Northern California George Pringle was selected to go up to Sacramento to see the governor, who was a candidate for reelection. He was instructed to offer him the support of the more than 60,000 Prohibition party voters of the state, if he would come out publicly for ratification of the amendment. He found the governor very considerate in

the matter but not ready to pledge himself. Twice later the committee sent George to Sacramento. Each time he urged the governor for the sake of a righteous cause to declare himself for ratification. He promised him not only the support of every Prohibition voter at the polls, but their enthusiastic labor for him weeks before election day. When George returned and reported to the Prohibition headquarters in Berkeley, he said, "The governor says his wife wants him to come out for the amendment, and he thinks it is safe for a man to follow his wife's advice on moral issues. I am certain he will take his stand for the amendment and that the Republican convention will stand with him."

To the great surprise of the old political war horses of California, this happened, as George had predicted. The Democratic party was torn in pieces over the issue and an independent wet candidate for governor ran against the dry Republican. The Prohibition party whose convention met one week before the Republican, wisely postponed action till the Republican convention had nominated its candidates and then its state committee indorsed them. This was done at the special request of Dr. D. M. Gondiler who said it would not be good politics for the Prohibition party to nominate the dry Republican candidates ahead of the Republican convention. His control of the dry forces of California was marvelous and his influence was felt supremely among radicals and conservatives alike. The dry candidate for Governor was elected by over 136,000 majority and the dry candidate for Lieut. Governor, a Berkeley man, was elected over a popular wet by over 100,000 majority.

When the legislature met and were ready to take up the amendment, dry workers from Northern and from Southern California were there in full force. Prominent wets also met the legislators at every corner. The Assembly was unquestionably dry but the Senate was claimed by the wets. Dr. Gondiler, however, claimed the Senate by a somewhat uncertain majority of two. Col. Stout, prominent vineyardists, and wholesale beer and wine men were on hand, working desperately to prevent the senate from ratifying. The Anti-Saloon League, the Prohibition party, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and other dry organizations had workers present. Charles Rowland and Joseph Pringle were active in visiting doubtful members of the Senate. They each had talked seriously with a young Catholic member, C. H. Anders, whose name was to be called first on the roll. This young man had a charming wife with two little children in the public school. He was a native son of California. About thirty minutes before the roll call, Col. Stout and four other wealthy wets had him surrounded in the hallway as Rowland and Pringle entered.

"I fear," said Rowland, "we shall lose this young man's vote. He could get much money for a No vote."

"I do not believe he will stand for beer and wine. He thinks too much of those two children of his. I have had three talks with him and though he makes no direct promises I know he will vote right. Many priests, being conservative fellows, are wet but the priest in charge of his church is dry and reads regularly our paper the 'Backbone.' Though this young man is faithful to his church, he believes in using his own judgment in political matters."

"That I will, Miss Grace," she replied, and hurried back to the kitchen. Against his wish, Rover was put out into the back yard.

"She always gets good dinners," said Mrs. Rowland.

A half hour was spent by Grace and her mother in planning the wardrobe for the following Saturday. Grace insisted on its being simply arranged.

Mr. Rowland drove up to the front door and announced that each must put on her wraps for he wished to take them to the depot to meet George. They were soon ready and reaching the depot, Mr. and Mrs. Rowland sat in the carriage in the rear of the station while Grace went to the front to meet George. As he stepped off the train he greeted her with an earnest kiss and hand in hand they proceeded to join Mr. and Mrs. Rowland.

"How are you, George? We are glad to see you again."

"I am first rate, and am very glad to meet you all in this my old home town."

They then drove home slowly by the Carnegie Library Building, by the old Courthouse and, at George's suggestion, by his father's old shoe shop. They halted a few minutes in the shade of the gnarled oaks where he had played many an hour when a boy. They passed by the old brewery now changed into a canning factory. They saw several of the old saloon buildings now occupied by better businesses. Mary and Rover gave them a boisterous welcome when they reached the Rowland homestead.

After dinner George and Grace and her father and mother held "a committee meeting" in the parlor to select those to whom they should send invitations to the reception following the wedding ceremony. It had already been decided that the marriage should take place in the

audience room of the Baptist church, as this was the largest assembly room in any of the churches. The pastor, Rev. Charles Haws, was to perform the ceremony and Rev. Thomas Sprague of the Congregational church was to assist by making the closing prayer. The members and friends of the Protestant churches of the little city were to be invited by public notice from their pulpits to witness the ceremony at two o'clock Saturday afternoon. One of Grace's classmates at Mills College was to be bridesmaid and another was to be maid of honor. One of George's classmates was to be best man. Johnnie Dean was selected as ring bearer and Helen Dean and Lucy Goddard were to be flower girls. Charles Rowland was of course to give the bride away.

At church next day the young people met many of their old friends. In the evening a union meeting of all the young people's societies was held. George led the meeting and Grace took charge of the singing as they had done on a former occasion a few years before. "It seems like the good old times to have them with us," were the words on many lips and in all hearts. After the service Sunday night George took the midnight train for Oakland as his law firm had a very important case in the Superior Court of San Francisco coming off on Wednesday. The senior member of the firm wished him to look up the arguments and results of many cases. This would keep him busy all day on Monday and Tuesday. He was present Wednesday and Thursday with the authorities at hand for his firm. The case was easily won by the help of these many references.

The next day, Friday, Charles Dean, Emma and the children started for Soto on the morning train. Charles

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stopped off at San Quentin to visit Dave Pedrini who was serving his term of ten years in the state prison there. He then took the afternoon train to reach Soto at six o'clock. He was delighted to find George Pringle and Charles Rowland on the train. On reaching Soto they found the old horse and buggy waiting for them with Grace on the driver's seat. Mr. Rowland took the reins and Charles kept him company. Grace and George sat on the rear seat and discussed the reception to come on the morrow. After reaching the homestead and Mary and Rover had been quieted, George said privately to Grace, "Your father wished me to tell you that he had invited C. J. Harvey of Holt, Harvey and Company to our wedding and reception."

"I am sorry, because Charlie will not want to meet him. It will remind him of the loss of his fine position with that firm."

"Wait till tomorrow's reception and you will not be sorry that your father invited him," said George, as he passed her the firm's card.

"Read what is on the back of this card and keep it to yourself till after tomorrow's reception. Your father has more than one surprise to spring upon the company tomorrow." Grace turned the card over and her eyes filled with tears of gladness.

Tomorrow came as tomorrows will come. At 2 o'clock the Baptist church auditorium and the galleries were filled to overflowing with a kindly and sympathetic audience, the religious and moral force of the little city of Soto. The service was beautifully conducted from the music at the beginning to the amen of the closing prayer. When the voice of the aged Congregational minister.

Grace's pastor, was raised in this prayer the hush in that great audience could be felt. When in closing he asked that "God's presence might go with them, over the hills with them, and through the valleys with them, even to the end," the sound of quiet weeping was heard in all parts of the house. Strange isn't it, throughout this earthly life of ours, how close to smiling is weeping. Indeed, we ofttimes weep while we smile and smile while we weep.

The reception followed immediately at the home of the bride. The Soto Herald, after giving a fine report of the wedding, gave a list of the attendants at the reception as follows:

The Bridal Party, the names of the pastors of the Protestant churches of the city, Judge W. G. Langley and Mrs. Langley, County Superintendent of Schools George Langley and wife, Judge S. G. Key, Oakland; Joseph and Mrs. Pringle, Oakland; Edward and Mrs. Dole, Berkeley; Charles Dean, Mrs. Dean, Helen and Johnnie, San Francisco; C. L. Claimant, Tucson, Arizona; Steve Jenkins; Jackson and Mrs. Strait, Oakland; Assemblyman N. J. Pender, San Francisco; Senator C. H. Anders, Oakland; Mrs. Susannah Price, president of Lacino county W. C. T. U.; Charles Oldman of the Good Templars, C. J. Harvey of San Francisco, Henry Goddard, Mrs. Goddard, Eddie and Lucy, Thomas Richards, Mayor of Soto, and Samual Randall, a supervisor of Lacino County.

As Mary O'Reilly and her assistants (four of Grace's sixth grade school girls) gathered the plates and cups after the refreshments had been served, Charles Rowland arose and called the gathering to order. He announced

that a short program was to be given to conclude the evening's reception. He then called off the following program:

"1st. Ethel Dearborn, who has just completed her course in the Conservatory of Music in Boston, will favor us with two solos." She sang "The City Four-Square" and "Lest We Forget," with Mrs. Dole at the piano.

"2nd. Judge Langley will read a letter he has just received from the Governor of California."

The Judge read the letter, appointing him to the Supreme Bench, to fill out an unexpired term of five years, and then added, "I am glad we do not have to be tied to the tail of Col. Stout's wine and beer kite to prosper politically."

"3rd. C. C. Claimant, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of Arizona has a telegram he wishes to read."

Mr. Claimant read the following from the Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of Nebraska: "Nebraska the thirty-sixth state ratified today. This puts the Eighteenth Amendment over."

Among the many cheers of the evening none were louder or more enthusiastic than followed the reading of this telegram.

"4th. Steve Jenkins will now sing the song he likes the best of all," and Steve sang with vigor "The Brewers' Big Horses Can't Run Over Me."

"5th. C. J. Harvey has a word to say to us."

Mr. Harvey rose and briefly stated that they had just lost by death an important official. "The firm of Holt, Harvey and Company have appointed Charles Dean to

fill this position. We hope he will accept this appointment and begin with us not later than the first of next month."

Charles Dean rushed forward and grasped Mr. Harvey's hand and thanked him earnestly with tears in his eyes.

"6th. You have looked at the beautiful and numerous presents which cover the tables in the dining room but there is a scrap of paper that Mrs. Dole has picked up and she wishes to present it to Mr. and Mrs. George Pringle. Mrs. Dole's husband is a real estate agent and assisted this bridegroom in selecting a beautiful little home in Piedmont. Of course the young man had to mortgage the home to which he is to take his bride. Young men rarely have sufficient money to pay all down for a home. The bride and groom will please rise and Mrs. Dole will make a few remarks about this scrap of paper."

"I have two scraps of paper to present to you," said Mrs. Dole. "This is the old mortgage. Take it, Grace, and put it into your father's stove. Here is the release of this mortgage, George. Take this to the recorder's office in Alameda county and have it recorded."

The bride and groom expressed a thousand thanks for the many presents and especially for this last gift which gave them an unencumbered home.

"Grace," said George, "your father had one more surprise than I had any knowledge of."

Mr. Rowland again spoke with deep emotion:

"Let us all rise and Rev. G. W. Advocate, pastor of the Methodist church, will lead us while we close this reception by repeating for a benediction the Twenty-Third Psalm."

The company rose and slowly and reverently repeated this psalm:

1. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.
3. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and they staff they comfort me.
5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

THE END

APPENDIX

The same "paid" misrepresentation of facts is now going on in the wet press as was prominent in the old saloon days of the past. The self-styled Moderation League reminds me of an old peddler, who when told that you could not trust what peddlers said about their goods, replied apologetically, "If I lie about my goods, I do so in moderation."

This Moderation League has tabulated the arrests for drunkenness in many cities of the United States and they try to show by their figuring that Prohibition has produced an increase of drunkenness in most of these cities. Let me take their figures concerning one of these cities.

They say that in 1919, which they call "the year before national prohibition," there were 1896 arrests for drunkenness in Oakland, California, while in 1926 after some years of Prohibition the arrests had grown to 3583. But we had national war-time Prohibition a large part of 1919. It is entirely incorrect to call the year 1919, "The year before national Prohibition." Let us go back of this report of the Moderation League and start with the true year before national Prohibition, the year 1918. In 1918 there were 7238 arrests for drunkenness in Oakland, while in 1926, with the city 60 per cent larger and far more rigid arrests demanded of the police by the automobile and other industrial interests, the arrests were only 3583, less than half as many as before Prohibition.

"Straw votes" are now the great scheme of the wets to produce liquor sentiment. Nearly all dry organizations have advised honest people who believe in law enforce-

ment to take no part in straw votes, but to confine themselves to propositions having legal effect. The Episcopal church is being falsely represented as in favor of the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, though in their national convention the bishops unanimously resolved in favor of supporting the amendment and of enforcing the Volstead law. The straw vote asked for by the "wet temperance society," from Episcopal clergymen, on the repeal of the amendment, stood, according to these wet temperance manipulators, 825 clergymen for repeal, 793 against repeal and 3408 not voting. In other words 825 voted for repeal (deceived by some government control or by other misleading questions asked at the same time by the wet questioners); and 4201 either voted against repeal or ignored the fool question as they were advised to do by enforcement organizations. The straw vote was in reality a great victory for the dry Episcopal clergymen.

Let me state in this year 1928 a few things that are not so and a few things that are so:

1. The Prohibition amendment was not "put over" while the boys were "overseas." They helped elect the congress that submitted the Amendment before they went "overseas."

2. The Amendment was not "put over" by a minority of the voters. Forty-six states ratified by a legislative vote of more than 4 to 1, and one house in Connecticut voted for ratification.

3. The Volstead Law did not originate the definition of intoxicating liquors as the wets are trying to make us believe. This definition had been established at the liquor men's suggestion and for their protection against "boot-

leggers." It had been used for more than sixty years by the national government in classifying liquors.

4. Our country has never prospered as it has under the Prohibition Amendment. Employment is better paid than in any other country in the world. We never heard of Labor Savings Banks till Prohibition came. Now there are nearly a score of them in the United States.

5. Wine and beer produced over 85 per cent of the drunkenness in the saloon days. The wet pretense that these can be allowed under the Eighteenth Amendment is ridiculous. Chief Justice William H. Taft, as a loyal citizen of this great republic, speaks on this matter as follows: "I am not in favor of allowing light wines and beer to be sold under the Eighteenth Amendment. I believe it would defeat the purpose of the amendment. Any such loophole as light wine and beer would make the amendment a laughing stock."

6. The Chief of Police of Los Angeles reports the arrests for drunkenness in that city in 1918 (the year before Prohibition) as 318.36 per 10,000 of population, and in 1927, with far more rigid police enforcement, as 86.88 per 10,000. Even in Chicago, Jane Addams of Hull House says, "It seems like another world. We have hardly any more squalid homes and neglected families to deal with. I would not see the old system back again for anything.

7. Just preceding the time this book opens its story, we had in California a wet Governor, a wet Lieut. Governor, a wet Legislature, a wet Supreme Court, and a wet Congressional Delegation. Among the latter was a United States Senator from San Francisco personally managing a profitable saloon and brothel business in several parts

of the city. Licensed saloons were everywhere in evidence throughout the state. Women, white, yellow and black, solicited for brothels on our city streets and assignation houses were numerous in our suburbs.

Now we have a dry Governor, a dry Lieut. Governor, a dry Legislature by more than a two-thirds vote in each house, a dry Supreme Court and a Congressional Delegation dry by a large majority. Licensed saloons have departed and with them have departed their offspring, the brothels and assignation houses. We now send our saloonkeepers and our brothel keepers to jail instead of to the United States Senate. In my judgment this is some improvement over the "wet past."

8. The desire of one our candidates for the presidency to "put his foot on the brass rail and blow off the froth" will not be gratified. The college president whose moral judgment, as to intoxicants, coincides with the judgment of the sidewalks of New York, will never see a national party come out against the Prohibition Amendment. The Eighteenth Amendment will stand as long as the peaks of the Rocky Mountains greet the morning sun, and it will ultimately be well enforced from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate.

S. P. Meads.

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